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THERE'S A LETTER ON THE WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

RIGHT with tender words of pleading,
All that lips or heart could say,
To my dear and only darling
There's a letter on the way.

Laughing eyes like stars will glisten
As she reads the fond words o'er,
Telling her that soon I'll hasten
Homeward to her side once more.

To my dear and dainty darling,
Borne across the wild, wide sea,
Whisp'ring of my heart's devotion,
Comes a message sweet from me.

Can her way be dark or lonely
While I breathe fond words of cheer,
Though I'm distant far, and only
Dreams can bring my footsteps near?

To my dear and only darling
Are my brightest plans revealed,
And within each showy missive
Are a thousand kisses sealed;

Stealing through my broken slumber
Old-time memories cheer me yet;
Weighty cares my heart may cumber—
One sweet face I'll ne'er forget.

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING DOWN WHEN AT ANCHOR.

"Great Jupiter! What are you about, man?"

The words were accompanied by the pressure of a strong hand upon the coat-collar of the would-be assassin; and, before he could arrest the movement, he was swung back from the bedside of Irene, and the murderous knife knocked from his hand.

"What in the name of common-sense," continued the intruder, "are you about to do? Just as if your hands weren't already red, and your heart black enough, without adding another to your crimes."

"Who in —— be you?" questioned the baffled ruffian, glaring in both astonishment and malice at being thus literally bearded in his den and robbed of his prey.

"Well," was the hearty and fearless response, "I am pretty well known through the city as Doctor Van Dyke; and, though you don't know me, I do such fellows as you are, and not any good of them, either. And I can tell you one thing—if the bullet had gone half an inch lower and deeper, you wouldn't have had any time to say your prayers, though I much doubt if you ever heard of such a thing."

"What do you want here?" was growled.

"To save that pretty girl's life and patch up your head, though the last will be a thankless office, and the best thing for humanity would be to let you die at once. Strychnine—ten grains—is the best prescription I know of for such desperate characters—takes them out of the world the soonest. And they are better off dead than alive, for then they do answer one good purpose, and that is—to cut up! But sit down and mind that you keep still, and I'll see what can be done to fix you up for more midnight raids and robberies and murders."

Black Tom eyed the physician sharply, wondering very much at his fearlessness of speech and manner. Doctor Van Dyke was a man taller than himself, of large frame and muscle, and evidently knowing little of fear. He was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty, well preserved, with his once intensely black and curly hair showing threads of silver; eyes black and fiery as those of a Sioux Indian; a Roman nose; the finest of mouths (though the play of the lips indicated an excessive appreciation and love of fun); the pose of the head revealing self-assurance, and his carriage, to the experienced eye, a knowledge of the "manly art of self-defense" and athletic accomplishments that, if forced to use his power and skill, would prove him to be a more than ordinarily "dangerous customer."

"You needn't stand snarling at me like a dog with a sore head, for it will do no good," continued the physician. "Better sit down and let me fix you up while I am in the mind, for I have little time to waste from better business," and he glanced sympathetically at the pale, child-like face upon the bed. "You are in no condition to dispute my word, and, if you were, might find that you had undertaken a job that was more than you could get through with right easily. Sit down and behave yourself. Here," to the elder man, "get me some water, and hold this bullet-head."

Black Tom obeyed. He recognized in Doctor Van Dyke a man that was not to be trifled with or disputed. He possessed that power of controlling others which is born in some, and, though somewhat given to drawing a Falstaffian longbow, could, when it pleased him, make others bend to his will.

With rapid and skillful fingers he cut away the heavy, clotted locks of hair, and applied plasters, smiling inwardly as he did so when he saw the strong man wince, for to his mind it was justice of the most approved kind.

"There, that will answer," he said when the work was completed to his satisfaction.

With a growl of discontent the injured man departed. The physician followed him to the door, locked it after him, and then, with an entirely different manner and tone, sought the bedside.

"Well, my dear child," he said, and his voice instantly brought with it comfort and cheer and safety, "you have been having a hard time. But set your little, fluttering heart at rest. All danger is past. We'll soon have you out of this vile den. You needn't scowl," to the elder man, "for I know you of old; and as for your wife, Mag, by my faith she makes good the story of the unfortunate who married the sister of Satan!" and he rubbed his hands pleasantly and laughed at his own conceit.

"Will you—oh, will you?—take me from this place?" Irene eagerly asked as she clasped the hand of Doctor Van Dyke and raised it in gratitude to her lips, while at the same time her eyes were fixed with such a pleading look as to haunt him long afterwards.

"To be sure I will, and quickly too. Do you think I would leave such a lamb in a wolf's den? Not that this man is so entirely bad. He has some good points and a tender heart, if one can only reach it. But this is no place for you, my child. You shall go home with me."

"Thanks, thanks; but—" stammered the girl, and tears sprang to and flooded her eyes as she thought he too might cast a stigma on her former life, as others had done—"but you do not know me—do not know who I am, and ——"

"No matter now, my child. Keep any story you have to tell until you get home with me. Then you can say just what you have a mind, and no more, to my wife, and she will tell me if it is proper."

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of, doctor," replied Irene, though hot blushes mantled her cheeks as she thought of her attempted self-destruction.

"I'd bet my life on that. But we have no time to waste in talking. It will soon be daylight, and you must hurry away from this. It is as much as ever my reputation is worth to be seen coming out of such a place, though a physician has a sort of *carte-blanche* to go anywhere and at any time without questioning. Dick, go and bring a hack."

A carriage—such as it was—was soon procured, and Irene borne triumphantly away by the physician, who alone knew what a "home fight" he had probably taken upon his hands. But no one would have supposed his mind was in the least troubled. He entered his house with an unruffled front, and met his spouse, who was already up, cheerfully and smilingly.

"Wife," he said, "here is a poor orphan child I found in bad hands. Be kind to her. She deserves it, and will tell you her story as soon as she is rested. Please see she is furnished with proper refreshment, and then let her go to bed and have a good, long sleep. That will do her more good than all the medicine in the world."

The two looked at and scrutinized and made up their minds about each other after the prevailing fashion of womankind. At the first glance Mrs. Van Dyke would have been called "pretty"—not beautiful or handsome. She was of medium height, slender, and with dark eyes and hair, and the possessor of little feet, of which she was inordinately vain. The upper part of her face was fair as to proportion; the cheek-bones were somewhat too pronounced, and wanting in covering of flesh; but the lower part—the receding chin, and especially the mouth—was weak, very weak. Under proper influences she would be an amiable woman, even attractive—had without doubt been a noted rustic belle—but she had little stability of character, was pliant as wax in the hands of others, moulded by immediate association, and jealous in the extreme of her husband, the latter feeling no doubt being increased by their childless estate.

With a natural touch of womanly sympathy she assisted Irene to remove bonnet and shawl, led her into the dining-room, and saw her supplied with food, then guided her up to bed.

"You will rest here undisturbed until you awaken," she said. "Then ring the bell, and I will come up and see what you need in the way of clothing. I must see the doctor before he goes out again."

The woman was in earnest in what she said. Her intentions were good, and her heart was pitying the stranger whom some chance, she knew not what, had brought to her door; and still more was this the case when she heard even the little of the story of Irene that the old thief of the river had told her husband.

When left alone again, all the best in her nature was working within her; and, had not other influences prevailed, the poor waif of humanity now sleeping the sleep of exhaustion upstairs might in a little time have taken the place of a daughter, and so grown into her heart that nothing could have ever changed her love. But countercurrents were at work, and, once within their power, the promise given to her husband to "be very kind to and a mother for the poor child" would speedily be ignored, and the almost holy affection that maternity gives be swept away as a feather in a tempest.

Very little time had elapsed after her departure from the darkened chamber of Irene, and, before the girl had fairly lost herself in sleep, she became aware of the soft opening of the door. Without unclosing her eyes to their full extent—still curtaining them with their long, soft lashes—lying in the mysterious state between waking and dreaming—she waited and watched, and instantly, before she could distinguish the face of her visitor, a sudden shock of ill came to her soul—one of the mysterious premonitions one sometimes has of an adverse fate, even while the actual is still at a distance. Then she became keenly alert, and, though without giving the least visible sign, knew, as well as felt, that another than the wife of the warm-hearted physician—that an enemy—was present.

From between the fringed lids she noticed the gliding of a form that came with a cat-like tread to the side of the bed, paused, shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed at her as if nothing was to be permitted to escape.

No: it was not the wife of the man who had been so kind to her, but such as she would probably become when a score and a half of years more had rolled over her head, and the hair whitened, the wrinkles deepened, the teeth been lost, the cheeks sunken, the lips more thin and bloodless and fallen in—all changed by age, save, it might be, the eyes still retaining very much of their pristine keenness and fire when evil passions were given full sway.

"Yes, yes, I thought so," muttered the woman almost savagely, after a long survey of the apparently slumbering girl—"I thought so. He can't fool me, and I'll—I'll ——"

What conclusion, desperate or otherwise, the old woman had determined upon she kept locked within her own heart; and, retreating as cautiously as she had entered, closing the door after her almost without a sound, she descended the stairs slowly and sought her daughter's room and her daughter. For the latter she had to wait some little time. But she was not annoyed by the circumstance, as it gave her ample time to perfect her plans.

"Mother," said the wife of the physician as she entered and threw herself wearily into an easy-chair—"mother! What! up already? But I am glad of it. I wanted to see you. What strange freak do you think the doctor has been indulging in now?"

"If Jane hadn't told me, I could never have guessed. He has brought a young and pretty girl home, whom *he says* he found under disastrous circumstances!" replied the old lady, smoothing the way for what was to come.

"Let servants alone for finding out everything they have no business to know!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyke, out of patience. "Well, the story is this," and she repeated what she had heard, and asked in conclusion: "What do *you* think of the affair?"

"Men always tell the truth, my dear—when it suits them. I presume you have seen the girl?"

"Of course, I have; and rather took a fancy to her."

"That's not strange. It was a sort of natural affection for you to do so."

"I don't understand, mother."

"I have visited the girl, too; and, if your eyes were not sharp enough, mine did not fail to discover the striking—I may say very striking—likeness between ——"

"Mother!" gasped the wife, with the fires of most bitter jealousy already beginning to flame within her heart—"mother, you cannot mean that ——"

"Your husband and the girl look very much alike, that's all;" and she resorted to her snuff-box to give the poison ample time to do its work.

"If I thought," answered the already beginning to be tortured wife, "that there was any truth in your idea, I ——"

"Oh, of course not! Old people like me never know anything, never can see beyond their noses. And old mothers always advise their children wrong, and do everything against their best interests," she continued, adopting what she knew by long experience to be the very plan to harrow up the feelings of her daughter and bend her to her will. "Yes, of course they do. They are only in the way. Nobody loves them; and the very daughters they have rocked in the cradle and fed from their breasts don't care for or believe them."

And she held her handkerchief to her eyes, rocked backwards and forwards, and sobbed bitterly—a thing she had reduced to perfection by practice.

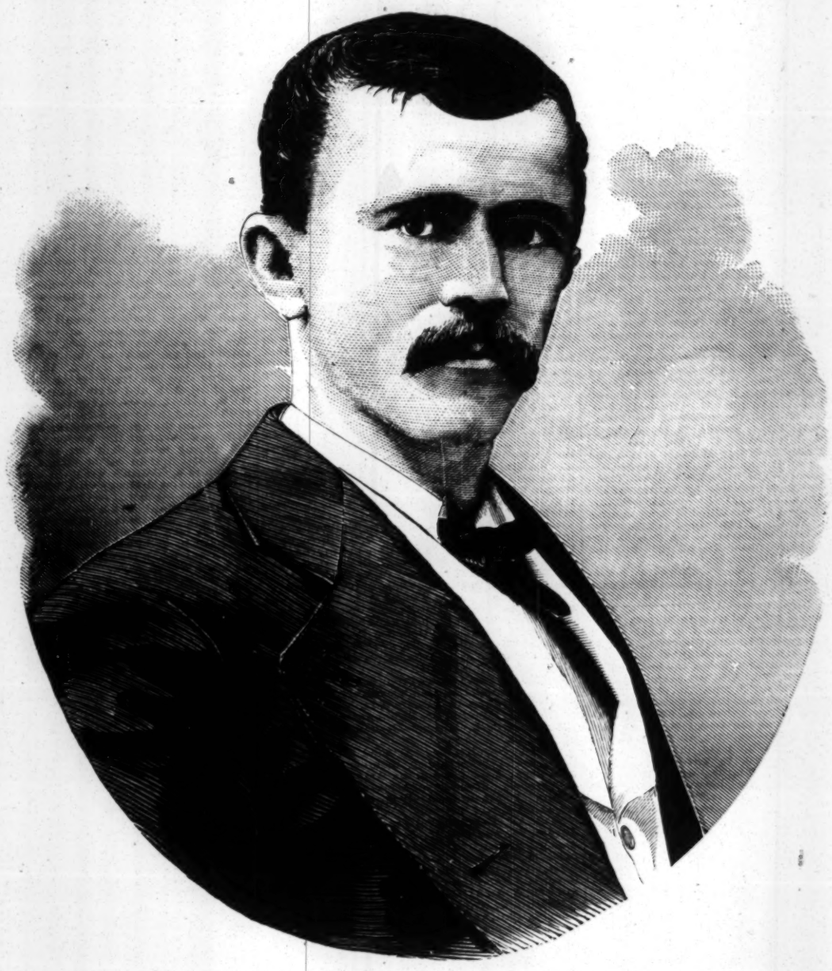
"Mother, do not talk thus. You know I love, reverence you," replied the wife, with her own eyes brimming with genuine tears. "But it did seem so unnatural that he would ——"

"Unnatural if he wouldn't bring his own child into his own house?" was snapped out. "I have no patience with you, child. If you hadn't been blind as a mole, you would have known long ago something of the kind was going to take place. He hasn't been mourning for a daughter so often of late for nothing. No, no; it was a contrived plan. You can do as you please. I would be the last one to prejudice you, my own child, against your husband; but I would have liked to have seen your father bring another woman's brat into my house," and she swept haughtily out of the room, leaving the venom she had craftily distilled to do its work.

The wife sat and thought over the matter for a long time. Jealousy turned many an innocent word and deed of her husband into proof the most positive against him. She never, even for a single moment, reflected that she had nothing but surmise, that he had a right to be heard, that he, more than any other being on earth, was entitled to her confidence. Ah! very far from it. In true (weak) womanly fashion she jumped at conclusions without pausing to consider if the premises were at all tenable, without striving to analyze the motives of the mother that had prompted her to the revelation of an act (if true) that, for the sake of the honor of her husband, for the sake of concord and happiness between them until Death stepped in with his dark divorce, had much better have gone down with her to the grave unknown.

"The shameless, graceless monster!" she muttered from beneath lips white with rage and purple by times with jealousy. "To think of his daring to bring her here; and she, the brazen, to come!"

Ah! Mrs. Van Dyke, had your better woman-



CHARLES W. FISH, EQUESTRIAN.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

ly nature not been warped, and the milk of humanity not been turned into gall, would you have not looked very differently upon the matter? Granted that your suspicions were true, could any blame or crime be attached to the poor, next to shipwrecked child? Unfortunate she might have been, but her brow was still as unstained—as unstamped by the signet of shame—as that of a holy angel. Even had your insane jealousy been grounded upon sufficient cause, the blame should have fallen where it rightly belonged—the father, not the innocent child, have been made to bear the onus of the guilt, for his, not hers, had been the transgression.

"And looks like him?" she continued, going mentally over what she had heard from her mother. "Looks like him? I could tear her eyes out—the wretch!"

But—and the reflection momentarily acted as cold water upon her heated passions—she had noticed nothing of the resemblance, and would not she have been the first to do so? Looked strikingly like her husband, and not her child? It was monstrous! She would see about that, and at once.

Smoothing her hair and dress, she stole up to the room of the sleeping girl, and noticed far more than she had previously done—the exquisite beauty of the face and a certain purity of expression that, like the bloom on the grape, if once lost can never be restored. Even blinded as she was by one of the most deadly and inconsistent of passions, she did not fail to recognize something of this, and, in spite of herself, a yearning rose in her heart to call her daughter. And even the fear of her mother and the poison she implanted might have been eliminated, had the better angel been permitted to fully accomplish its holy mission. But that was not to be. The weird sisters who were twirling the distaff and weaving the web of fate would permit no such thing to be done. Into it black threads must be mingled, and the chorus of their ghastly song still be: "Double, double, toil and trouble."

Even when the softening and motherly influences were at work, when the natural longings of maternity might have fluxed the unnatural and unwomanly dross from her soul, a step coming up the stairs startled her—a step she well knew, and, like a guilty thing, she darted around and hid herself behind the bed, where, screened by the curtains, she could see and hear all that transpired.

It was her husband! He knelt over the sleeping Irene with his rough face, and his eyes melted in tenderness that one so young and lovely should have been made a football of adverse fortune.

"My poor child," he murmured involuntarily as he gently smoothed away from the flushed face the silken locks that had become loosened and fallen over it.

"Father, dear father!" came as if in reply from the lips wandering in dreamland, and the soft, white arms were raised, and would have clasped the neck of the physician had he not retreated, fearing she was about to awake.

Poor Irene! Unconsciously, even while your mind was wandering from earth to the loved father in heaven, you breathed words that a thousandfold more than any other would work your ruin—would make you houseless—would cause you to be turned as a shameless thing into the street. Far better might you have declared yourself thief or murderer—anything else in the dark catalogue of crime.

"So!" hissed the outraged wife, springing to her feet, pushing aside the curtain and facing her astonished husband with burning brow and eyes flashing jealous fire. "So, you dare avow your shameful relationship, and she assent to it, in this very house? Monstrous!"

"Martha," answered he, perplexed both by her presence and by her words, "I do not understand."

"Oh, of course not. Oh, it's not plain! I did not hear what you said, am deaf and blind. But if you must own and support this beggar's brat, *your daughter*, it shall not be in this house."

The honest face of Doctor Van Dyke flushed deeper crimson than hers; and for a moment he gasped painfully for breath, stood disconcerted, unnerved, the striking picture of guilt that innocence often resembles when suddenly accused and shocked beyond immediate power to conquer.

"Martha," he said as soon as he could sufficiently command himself, "you are mad—do not know what you are talking about. This poor child is ——"

"Your daughter! I heard you call her so," and she answered.

"Do you not see she is asleep and dreaming?"

"Just as much as you are."

The physician turned his gaze from the flushed and angry face of his wife to the bed, and saw with horror that Irene was not only awake, but staring at and listening to them with wide-eyed astonishment. And he saw, too, that the fatality gave his wife an undue advantage that, he saw, knowing as he did her extreme jealous nature, it would be very difficult for him to combat. But certainly that was neither the time nor the place to attempt to do so, and, to avoid a shameful scene, he adopted a playful manner, threw his arm around his wife, and led her from the room, saying:

"The love we bear for this dear child, and our desire to serve her, must not keep her awake. She must have a longer nap—must be thoroughly rested and refreshed before permitted to rise. Go to sleep again. I will see that you are not disturbed," and he closed and locked the door, and placed the key in his pocket.

The wife would have darted into her own especial room, and fortified herself by the presence of her mother, had she been left to her own will.

"You must go with me into my office," said her husband kindly but firmly. "No one will dare enter there unannounced. I must learn what has put this strange and foolish, even wicked, notion into your head—by what right you thus dare to accuse me of dishonor, and that pure child of a curse, indeed, hard to bear!"

"You called her your child, and she acknowledged the relationship," she reiterated; "and it is easy to see the marked resemblance between you. Even my dear mother saw it at the first glance."

"Your mother? Oh! ah! hem!" and he whistled emphatically, though not very politely, through his white and regular teeth.

"Yes, and Jane ——"

"Don't lower yourself, my dear," he interrupted, "by repeating any of the surmises of servants."

"But it is all proof."

"Of the most unfounded and irrational jealousy that woman ever permitted to enter her brain. That is just what it proves, and nothing more. But I see clearly who poisoned the well. When you left me this morning, after cheerfully giving me your promise to be kind to the poor orphan child ——"

"Orphan, indeed!"

"I said orphan child—no such devilish thoughts were in your heart. They have been suggested and driven home by another!"

"If you mean my mother, she had a perfect right to guard the honor of her own child!" she exclaimed, firing up fiercely.

"Undoubtedly," he answered with a curling lip, "when it is in danger, but not to insinuate falsehoods."

She burst into tears—she always appeared to have them at command—declared she would not remain to hear her "dear mother abused and insulted," that she would leave the house, would not remain a single instant longer—tore herself away, flounced out of the room, and, dashing to her own, shut herself within.

"A dose of morphia and a long nap would do her more good than anything else," muttered the doctor grimly, but not without an amused smile lurking around his lips. "But I wonder if that poor child heard the base charge she made? Well, well; jealousy will turn a woman into a regular she-bear. I don't care for myself a whit—have passed through more than one such furious gale. But that poor child; my heart bleeds for her. I will see, and——what in the name of thunder has happened now, Jane?—the Fenians taken the city, an earthquake, or what?"

"The girl has run away!" gasped the servant as she burst almost breathless into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

REST BY THE WAYSIDE.

Poor hapless child of misery and misfortune—poor Irene! She had heard and felt far more than anyone knew, the false, malicious and blasting words that had been spoken. With crimson cheeks and indignant heart she lay for a little time after the good physician and his causelessly jealous wife had left the room, sobbing and angry by turns. Then her proud and independent spirit asserted itself. She would beg, starve, do anything rather than submit to such insults—would not remain for even an instant under the cover of a roof where she was thus suspicioned—would go out into the streets—would—and her eyes flashed with determination—would again seek the dark and muddy river, and bury herself from the sight of men forever and forever.

It was the natural feeling of one so young, pure, and yet tormented. She was influenced by passion only. Reason was for the time entirely dethroned. She had no one to whom she could turn for advice or assistance—nowhere she could go for succor. Ah! yes, through her black dream a single ray of light flashed. The thought of the kind-hearted, generous old-lady mother of her one friend came to her, and all of hesitation was banished. Then she remained quietly for a little time, striving to firmly fix places and names in her memory—to map out for herself a plan of action. Then she arose and hastily dressed.

The door by which she had entered was locked, but she found another means of exit; and, even while she was being discussed by husband and wife, she stole downstairs and out into the street, as a thief would have done—fled from a kind heart that would have protected in health and cared for in sickness against all the combined attacks of rabid jealousy—would have gloried in defeating them and clearing her name and fame from all stain—have gathered her as a daughter within his sheltering arms, and made her the petted darling and idol of his home.

It was yet early evening. The street-lamps had not been lighted, the stores not illuminated. This she noticed as soon as she passed from the locality of the physician's house into that devoted more especially to trade; and it gave the poor, fluttering heart something of her olden-time courage, and she passed rapidly on, thinking most of getting away from the house where she had been stung as with the deadly hatred and venom of an adder, where for the first time she had learned the gross injustice of human nature, of her own sex when given over to avarice and jealousy—the one being the prompter of the mother, and the other of the daughter.

But rest and food, freedom from care for even a little time, had restored much of her native independence and fearlessness of character; and, had she then been replaced in the house of the physician, she would have been far otherwise than when she lay trembling and sobbing, and her tongue have spoken words of outraged innocence that she would have bitterly regretted when passion was again lulled; for, though impulsive in the extreme, she was honorable and just.

An accidental occurrence recalled to her mind the situation in which she was placed. The coupe of Doctor Van Dyke rolled by, and she instantly recognized him. There was no mistaking the face when once noticed as his had been. It was too marked to quickly if ever pass from memory. She noticed as well that his sharp eyes were scanning the street upon either side, and felt a premonition that he was searching for her, and, quickly retreating behind a little crowd gathered at a shop-window, she escaped detection. But why should he wish to discover her again? Surely, after what had passed within his own house—after the suspicious tauntings of his wife—he would be only too glad never to see her face again. If correct in her idea, there must be a deeper motive for his search. Involuntarily she plunged her hand into the depths of her pocket, and then drew it out again as quickly as if a serpent had lurked there, and its sharp, needle-like, pointed teeth and barbed tongue had stung her fair flesh. She reeled against the building for support, and the hot blood surged to her face as one with apoplexy, then rushed madly back to the heart, and she stood, rigid and white, as some marble saint "shrined in old cathedral niche."

She had followed as a thief!

Her fingers had closed around a little roll of money—not very much in value, but considerable in bulk—she knew she was not the owner of, and the bills seemed to close around and cling to them as the folds of a serpent. With a cry of unstifled horror, she drew out the money and flung it from her. The crowd gaped and gazed at her as if she were a lunatic. They squabbled and fought for the "filthy lucre" and ran away, fearful someone might appear and reclaim it. They cared not how crazy the girl might be so long as they reaped the benefit; and, so suddenly it seemed by magic, she was alone, save a few of the gamins—"gutter-snipe" boys—who lingered and watched with wolfish eyes, hoping for still another Pactolian shower.

"I say, missus," at length broke out one of the boldest of the gamins, "if yer've any more stamps ter throw away, jest send 'em along."

The words broke the spell that was upon the soul of Irene. Thought of as a miserable thief, searched for as a thief, captured and tried and sentenced and confined in a loathsome prison as a thief! The thought was madness. Anything would be better than that; and, as she pressed away from the now hated locality, her brain burned trying to solve the mystery of the money coming into her possession. Who had placed it in her pocket, and for what purpose?

Ah! innocent heart, you little knew what even womanhood would stoop to to accomplish its purpose—that she herself who had been a mother, and should have held your orphanage sacred, had craftily planned to brand you as a thief, if other means failed to drive you from the house. She had yet to learn that woman is the most bitter and unjust to her own sex.

Yet, bitter as was the reflection of her being accused of such a crime, it acted as a spur to movement, and resulted beneficially. She realized that she might be discovered at any moment, and again the thought came to her of going to the mother of Mason, and, laying her aching head, in childhood's fashion, in the lap of the motherly old lady, pouring her trials and perplexities and sorrows into her sympathizing ear.

Of the location of the depot, of the train that would take her to the desired haven, she had no personal knowledge, and she shrank from applying to a policeman for information. Might he not have her description, and be upon the lookout for her? Still, no other recource being left, she at last ventured sufficient courage to do so, and timidly asked of one of the brave guardians of the city, who, in part at least,

'Attend the ladies across the street,
Helping all they can—without soiling their feet—
And hugging all those who are pretty and sweet,'

and generally have the honor and safety and happiness of the citizens at heart!

In this instance, however, the truth of the adage that even "Satan is not so black as he is painted" was proved, and she was fortunate. The man had long been upon the force, had passed beyond middle life, was the father of a family, and his heart was bleeding at the loss of a favorite daughter.

"Go down this street four blocks, miss," he said, "and turn to the right—four blocks, and turn to the right, remember—and you will see the depot at but a little distance. The 8.30 train must be about starting, and if you hurry you will be in time."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," gratefully murmured Irene.

"No cause for thanks, my child; and be careful to whom you speak. It is a bad hour for one so young and pretty to be out, and bad men are always loafing around such places. I wish I was off duty; then I would go with you and see you safely started. But I dare not;" and he turned away with a sigh, thinking of one of his own girls being thus situated, and having learned by years of drilling that "talking to citizens," and more especially a woman, was dangerous business under the best circumstances, and was looked upon with extreme suspicion by "the Board."

Filled more with the idea of the importance of time than of caution, Irene again thanked the kind policeman and dashed ahead. She reached the depot, walked to the office, and asked for a ticket.

"Four-fifty," was the curt reply of the perfumed and beringed and diamond-studded official.

"Four dollars and fifty cents!" gasped Irene.

"Yes; be quick."

She shrank back, remembering for the first time that she had not a cent about her; that she had insanely thrown to the ragged urchins in the street the very means that might have been as salvation to her—might have placed her out of the reach of the outraged and accusing physician and the sleuthhounds of the law. The eager crowd jostled her aside before she had time to even think more. The knowledge of her impecunious condition struck her dumb, and robbed her of the power of movement, but reaction came speedily. A low, brutal-browed runner acosted her. She glanced at his face. That was enough; and, wrapping her modesty and dignity about her as a mantle, she turned away.

"Humph! High and mighty," growled the man. "Putting on airs bumming about railroads without a cent. Haint no better than I am, I guess."

She heard him not. She had already passed beyond the glare of the lanterns, determined upon finding the old policeman who had spoken so fatherly to her, of telling him her entire story, and begging him for protection and advice. It was a wise resolution, and would have culminated in good could it have been carried out. But she had missed the one great chance. The man had been relieved—another had taken his place—one to whom she intuitively felt it would be futile to apply—and she passed on, thinking she might at least get beyond the city limits—get into the country, and be less hedged about by dangers.

Suddenly she came upon and turned into a broad thoroughfare, filled with people and clearly lighted. That was something of a relief and satisfaction after semi-darkness. And ah! what was that which came to her ear "as sweetly as the tinkling of angels' harps to the passing soul?" She paused, pressed her hands to her hot temples and listened, drinking in every cadence. Music! The strains of a full band? Where had she heard that particular tune before? "La Cracovienne!" It haunted her as some feverish, half-remembered dream. She glanced around and saw, what she had before failed to notice, that she was standing opposite a theatre, radiant with gaslight and profusely decorated with flags and bunting. She glanced at the billboard, and then all came back to her with such vividness as to almost take away her breath. It was the interval between some of the acts, and a favorite danseuse was filling the gap and thrilling the audience with her grace, skill and beauty of person and poise. She knew it must be so—knew the tune that was softly stealing out upon the night-air—had often danced to it—and would at the instant have given all her hopes in this world, almost all for the next, had she but been upon the boards, bowing down man and woman in homage to her triumph. And for this she could not be blamed. She had passed through so much, was so driven by despair, the wolves of misery were crowding so sharply upon her track, that she might well be pardoned if daring the unknown and the hereafter for a brief respite of peace. Like one entranced, bewitched, she stood and gazed and listened, oblivious to all around. Her soul was upon her lips, her feet kept time to the stirring music. All of darkness and doubt was banished. She was again an enthusiastic artist—the proud, dashing, red-cheeked artist—and without the slightest exercise of her own will glided nearer, lost in the mazes of the music.

Two men came from the rear of the playhouse to the front. Intent upon themselves, they failed to notice the girl at first, but one called the attention of the other to her rapt position and appearance, and said:

"That girl ought to have a pass in. See how her little feet keep time to the music. And, by heaven! she is young and uncommonly pretty."

The man addressed gazed curiously at her for a moment. He was not overcleanly clad, held some minor office—one would have said from seeing his overalls and paper-cap—among those who manipulate traps and other mysterious machinery—a strong-armed man, with a rough though thoroughly honest face. His casual glance became one of the deepest interest, and his face wore a troubled and puzzled expression.

"I've seen her before—can't tell where, for my life—and—by all that is lovely, it is little Irene!" And he dashed to her side, took hold of her hand, and asked if she did not know him.

She drew back tremblingly and coldly. Then a smile of recognition rested upon her lips, and, with sparkling eyes and a cry of exceeding joy, she exclaimed:

"Old Joe Canvas!"

"Yes," he replied with a hearty laugh; "that's what they used to call me when I was in the circus biz as boss-canvasman, and you used to be 'The Sprite of the Silver Shower,' and all that sort of fanciful thing. Heavens! how you have grown, and how pretty you are! But I'm in other business now—kinder half stage-carpenter, and—but what are you doing here alone at this time of the night?"

It was a very difficult question to answer—would take time and thought—and she parried it with:

"It's a long story, and ——"

"Well, then, you'll have to put it off, even if you ever tell me. We only came out for a breath of air, and have to go back, for we'll be wanted. So good-night."

She grasped his arm, and, clinging to it, convulsively whispered:

"For the love of mercy, do not leave me here. I am alone, friendless, have no place to lay my head."

"If I do, may I be ——!" and the expletive was loudly emphasized by a heavy slap of the broad palm upon his muscular thigh. "But you haint—no, no. I see it in your face and eyes, and deserve to have my neck broken for even thinking it. Come with me inside. My old gal is there, and will take care of you; and, after the performance is over, you can go home with us. We'll see that no harm comes to you, and find you a bed; and as for a bite, it will go hard if the child of my old friend Dick Spangler ever wants while there is a shot left in the locker. Come along, Irene. My wife will be mighty glad to see you, and would be if only for the recollection of your father. He did us many a good turn."

Honest, brave, manly, grateful "Joe Canvas!" Many an angel has been entertained unawares, and the Heaven that ever compensates may make it so for you and yours.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAWDUST SAM:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST ACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

What! never heard of Shaw—Sam Shaw?
I thought as everybody knowed
Of Sawdust Sam—that's what we called him.
You never did? Well, I'll be blowed!

Just drop yourself on that roll of canvas;
I don't mind telling the yarn again;
For the fact of it is, it's one of them stories
As oughter be known and remembered of men.

A curious chap was Shaw—not handsome—
He had a peculiarly ugly phiz—
Yet his heart was as big as any fellow's
What ever followed the circus biz.

And though he was given to swearing quite often,
And warmed his speech with a frequent "hell,"
You'll pardon him freely, I think, when you're listened
To this here story I'm going to tell.

You see we traveled a season together,
Did Sawdust Sam and me, as pards;
We did some pretty tall work at leaping,
And reckoned ourselves as first-class cards.

I tell you what, them days was pleasant—
The palmiest days of the sawdust-ring,
When Levi North and Lent were monarchs,
And Shaw and me was having our swing.

Somehow I don't bank much on the present,
The road is getting a little too rough,
And I sigh for them times of which I am speaking,
When a single centre-pole was enough.

However, that doesn't concern the story—
'Twas of Sawdust Sam you wanted to know,
And what he did the season we traveled
With Smith & Dickerson's famous show.

I think 'twas along towards the end of August—
We had drifted pretty far out West—
And, striking a town on the morning of Sunday,
The show laid over a day for rest.

In the evening, as Sam and I was a-walking
Along the quiet streets of the town,
We heard of a sudden the fire-bells ringing,
And seen an engine tearing down

The road—an old fashioned, rickety pumper—
For they didn't have steamers, you know, in them days—
And, looking ahead, we saw in the distance
A cloud of smoke and a flash of blaze.

'Twas a little odd, but that night I remember
That Sam had been talking unusually grave,
A-speaking of God, and nowise profanely,
And also of Christ and the sins he forgave.

And then he had said, in a voice that was solemn,
A-looking straight up at the stars of the sky:
"I reckon as how, if a man does his duty,
He needn't be anyways frightened to die!"

And, just as he uttered them words, the engine
Came tearing along the road, as I said,
Which wakened our interest again in the living,
And made us forget the affairs of the dead.

So together we ran toward the house that was burning—
A tenement-house I saw, beyond doubt,
With the smoke black as ink pouring out of the windows,
And the flames overhead bursting savagely out.

And while Sam and me was a-standing there, watching,
We heard a shriek that was piercing and wild,
And then came the voice of a woman, crying:
"My child! Will nobody save my child!"

And just at that minute the smoke, rolling backward
Disclosed what before from all eyes had been hid;
For there and alone, in the uppermost window,
Was standing a rosy-cheeked, four year-old kid!

I can hear even now that mother a-praying,
In a voice which comes only of utter despair,
And see her a-pleading and wailing and weeping
And stretching her hands out into the air.

And Sawdust Sam he stood there looking
Straight up to where the child appeared;
In the lurid light of the fire I noticed
As how his eyes was moist and bleared.

Then suddenly he darted forward;
I saw a ladder upward thrust,
And with an oath I heard Sam mutter:
"I'll rescue that ere kid, or bust."

Before the crowd could guess his meaning
He'd flung aside his coat and hat,
And, mounting nimbly up the ladder,
He scaled the cornice like a cat.

The flames shot up, red-tongued and hungry,
And licked the air like very imps,
While through the wreaths of smoke and fire
The crowd below could catch a glimpse

Of Sawdust Sam, who, pressing forward,
Had put his courage to the proof,
And through the blinding smoke had carried
The child in safety to the roof.

I can't tell how it happened, only
The child was taken down, and—well,
Some said the ladder broke, and others
That Sawdust Sam grew faint and fell.

And that is all. He saved the youngster,
As pretty, bright-eyed, pert a kid
As ever nestled on a bosom—
Saved him and lost his life, he did.

And, though his ways were rough and homely,
Because of that last act of his,
I rather think the angels took him,
And never stopped to ask his biz!

A FEW STRAY BITS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

QUERY.

(Manager's Office. Benefit Night.)

BENEFICIARY *(examining statement of receipts)*.—By this I don't get a dollar.

MANAGER.—No; you are in my debt a trifle.

BENEFICIARY.—Say, whose benefit was this, anyway?

TIT FOR TAT.

(On the corner.)

CRITIC.—Horse-piece isn't drawing well up at the theatre. Why don't you introduce a mule? A mule can draw more than a horse. *(Laughs.)*

MANAGER.—That's a capital suggestion. Are you engaged?

[CRITIC *hurries down the street without further suggestion.*]

WELL DUN.

(At the box-office.)

COLLECTOR.—I've called again with that little bill.

TREASURER *(out of funds)*.—Call around to-morrow.

COLLECTOR *(sarcastically)*.—When are you going to put that on?

TREASURER *(puzzled)*.—What on?

COLLECTOR.—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

THE GALLERY-BOY.

It is a bad thing for that boy when he gets permission to go over to a neighbor's to study his "jography" with a schoolmate, and comes home late with the excuse that "the clock stopped." About midnight he astonishes his parents by a somnambulistic visit to their bedchamber, in his night-clothes, making an abbreviated apparition of himself; and in answer to his parent's inquiry: "What do you want, Jim?" cries out, loudly enough to wake all the sleepers within half a block:

"Blood! blood! My cry is for vengeance! I am Custer's avenger! Up, cowards, and follow me! I will lead thee to victory or death. The great avenger seeks the scalp of the dog of a redskin. Whoop! whoop!! w-h-o-o-p!!!"

The father shies his boot at the Indian exterminator, and Jim, waking up, makes a rapid exit. Buffalo Bill was in town that night. The next morning "the old man" went on the trail himself; but he made a mistake in regard to the location of the scalp, and scalped the wrong end. The boy's mother interceded with the Quaker policy; but peace was not declared until after a long powwow, and the wigwam had resounded with war-whoops, mingled with cries of distress. Jim could not emulate "*Sitting Bull*" for a week; and, when he tried to smoke the pipe of peace with the boy next door, it made him sick, and he had to remain out of school two days, which all the boys said was "Bully for Jim."

HOW IT IS DONE.

ADVANCE-AGENT *(soliloquizing)*.—Gracious! I spent more money for beer last night than I meant to. *(Figures up, and finds that the amount "short" is $2.15; makes an entry in his Cash "Fire to Kitesville, $2.25," which balances the cash, with two beers to spare.)* Departs to Kitesville on the next train, traveling on a pass granted by the general ticket-agent on account of the "Numidian Troubadours." A fortnight later meets the MANAGER, *who looks over his accounts.)*

MANAGER.—How's this? "Fare to Kitesville, $2.25." Why, you got a 'rate' on that road.

ADVANCE-AGENT *(glibly)*.—You see, when I was there the general ticket-agent was out of town, and I couldn't see him to get a pass. I fixed the "rate" by mail.

Brilliant advance-agent—"the smartest on th road!"

TWO OPINIONS.

THE MAN WHO PAYS.—Capital play; splendid acting; I am delighted. Haven't spent an evening so pleasantly in many a day. An exceptionally strong cast, the best I have ever seen; the manager of this theatre knows his business.

CONTRA, THE MAN WHO DOESN'T PAY.—Trash, nothing but trash; queer company; wish I'd remained at home; put in a terribly stupid night of it here; cast the worst I ever saw; manager don't know beans.

CONCERNING OUR LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.—"Dar's gwine to be wah," remarked a colored citizen,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

SCORER, Indianapolis.—"Man on third base; striker bats a ball to right field; he might have been thrown out on the hit, but the ball was thrown home, but not soon enough to head off runner for third base. As no error can be charged, is batter entitled to a first base hit? He brings in a man and afterwards scores himself."..... We give the batsman credit for a base-hit on a hit of this kind, for this reason: any batsman who can hit a ball to right field—not right short, but out in right field—under circumstances like this, is a good batsman; and, though there might be a chance that he could have been thrown out, the play is such as to make it doubtful, and we give him the benefit of the doubt and a base-hit.

H. C. R., Boston.—1. The proper way to play bezique is to count out at once; but ladies and children, who like to get the worth of their money in playing a game, may go to near 1,500 when the game is but 1,000, for example, play the cards out, and that party wins who has the greater excess of points over the number agreed upon as game. 2. Ton is no reason why the non-dealer should have any such privilege. Unlike seven-up, the dealer has no compensating advantage. 3. Having suit at seven-up, you can either follow suit or trump, not having suit, you can either trump or throw away.

S. S. D., Paterson.—1. We know nothing of the responsibility of the firm named further than that they have always dealt squarely with us. They are up-town business some time ago. 2. The advertisement will cost you sixty cents for each insertion. 3. It is a matter of opinion. 4. Salary depends upon merit and reputation. Say from $20 per week upwards. 5. There is no such book published. There are numbers of books published which describe the regular zouave drill.

POLICY SPOT.—The steamboat Rhode Island was built at Greenpoint, L. I. 2. "The package has miscarried." In further illustration, most writers will say "The house now being built," "the piece now being played," etc. Still the best writers will say "the house now building" and "the piece now playing." The former style may be classed as an innovation of the moderns. There is something to be said in favor of both.

J. G. HULBERT.—We can offer you but little encouragement for an engagement here or a pecuniary backing, managers preferring to be paid instead of paying to introduce an unknown artist. The school from which the lady graduated, and the friends by whom she was then surrounded and who knew her worth, are the ones to look to for support and the means of advancement. No answers by mail.

TRAINER, Toledo.—1. Heenan and Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, for $5,000 and the championship, Oct. 20, 1858. Morrissey's seconds were Bill Hastings and Jim Kelly; "Aristocrat," Brennan, Thompson and Dominy Mackey. 2. Tripping is not allowed in Graco-Roman wrestling. 3. Bob Brettle was never champion of England.

SCOTT AND MCCOY, Joplin.—The letter you allude to failed to reach us. Scott wins, because the said Francisco Minstrels gave their first performance in this city after their return from California, at their Hall, No. 585 Broadway, on May 8, 1865. They gave three performances the previous week in Newark, N. J., to get their company into working order.

J. EDWARDS, Steel Works.—In the mile foot-race at Manchester, Eng., Aug. 19, 1865, in which Lang and Richards ran a dead heat in 4:17½, the other starters were R. McInstray, Slade, Mowbray, Chas. Stapleton, J. Sanderson, J. Nuttall, J. Neary and E. Mills. The dead heat was run off Aug. 26 following, Lang winning by twenty yards in 4.22.

GOAT-HILL, Newark.—Samuells' rooms, Brooklyn, once had thirty-five billiard-tables on two floors. Chicago once had a room with about that number of tables on one floor. Probably Dion O'Connor, this city, could name more tables than any other in the country; or it may be that Brunswick's, in Chicago, has—or Walker's, in New Orleans. The two latter frequently undergo changes.

H. F. F., Chicago.—1. Your time is sound, if your statement is absolutely correct. We hesitate to credit the latter, because it implies stupidity on the part of the other bettor. You did not tell him that Tilden won and he voted President, and as to that you have already conceded that you lost.

CONSTANT READER, Central City.—1. It of course depends upon the length of the message. Any one letter or character can be flashed across in a second. The resistance to the electric current is much less under water than on an air-line. 2. There are two or three routes. We do not remember having published anything of the kind.

A. B., Victoria.—The referee of your opponent's choosing having refused to give a decision, the choosing of the third referee is unnecessary. You are the winner by default of the only decision given, which is in your favor. The stakeholder's duty is to pay you the stakes subject to indemnity against his possibly being sued.

W. H. L. S., Indianapolis.—A Criticism is purely a matter of opinion. We have expressed our opinion of his merits during his recent engagement in this city. 2. It is likewise a matter of opinion who are the best comedians in this country and England. 3. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

KENTUCKIAN.—1. He is a circus performer, who for quite a while was supposed to be a man, but proved to be a female. 2. Inability to remain wedded. 3. About six years. 4. A somewhat noted lady equestrian. 5. We said nothing about "Zoe the equestrienne."

C. H. SCHELLENTRAGER.—The average salary paid a first-class banjoist who sings depends upon the length of the engagement. If for a season, stationary, about $50 per week; if traveling, the same salary, less traveling expenses paid. Salaries range from $30 to $75 per week.

J. A. R., Baltimore.—1. Yes. See CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents, for particulars. 2. The expression "1,000 miles in 1,000 hours," as used in regard to pedestrianism, means one mile, no more or less, in each and every hour of the consecutive one thousand. 3 loses.

GOODBUTE, Petersburg.—1. No. It is a portrait of the leading lady of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city. She was never on the variety stage. 2, 3. Watch our variety summary. 4. Watch our dramatic summary. 5. In care of this office.

J. G. V. H.—J. M. Ward sometimes does the "cloud-swing." The rope should be about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and the supports about twenty feet apart, and the rope at the bottom of the curve about ten feet below the top of the supports.

E. M. B., Chicago.—It is a secret society into which the wives and other female relatives of Masons can be admitted. They can wear any appropriate emblem, inclusive of a star.

O. G., Chicago.—The last census of the United States and Territories was taken in 1870, when the population was 38,506,768, to which about 66,000 should be added for Alaska.

T. R.—Write to the church of the parish in which you were born, or write to some of your relatives in that vicinity. There should be such, however distant the relationship.

D. & O'B., Washington.—Practice some specialty in private until you think you excel in it, and then interview some manager. The salary will depend entirely upon your merits.

DOMINO, Phila.—B wins the game. He was not obliged to answer. A had only to count the pieces to find out how many B had. The latter was simply guilty of a needless untruth.

THEATRICAL, Susquehanna Depot.—1. We cannot spare the space. You can see the cast in our issue of Dec. 16, 1876. 2. The name is pronounced as if spelled Jay-queen, Peer, Pe-kard, On-ri-et, Mary-ann, Jon-e-vreve.

PERRY, Racine.—1. The spirit of the bet required T to perform the feat without any adventitious aid. 2. A could not draw D unless the convoy of T; but, as B cannot win, he might as well consent to a draw.

R. L. B.—The late E. Eddy assumed the management of Niblo's Garden April 18, 1868, and on the 25th of that month he produced "Antony and Cleopatra," with the late Julia Dean Hayne as Cleopatra, and acted Antony himself.

M. J. C., Ishpenning.—1. Sixty cents for each insertion. 2. You can possibly may not. Playing a banjo is not strumming your way. 3. There is no work published that will teach you acting.

A. A. AUBUN, Chicago.—1. You can get it done in Chicago. 2. Baseball grounds can be hired. 3. Properly managed, it ought to pay. 4. No trouble in getting all the advance agents you require.

T. E. F., Richmond.—There are no perfectly reliable data. It may be taken for granted that the Methodists lead all others; and, as to second and third places, it is speculative.

CONSTANT READER, Cleveland.—You are not too old to learn a jig, the length of time depending on your aptitude for dancing. See Ed. James' advertisement elsewhere for "Jig-dancing Made Easy," an instruction book.

H. B., Brooklyn.—1. "Forbidden Fruit" was never played in Boston, Mass. 2. J. T. Raymond never acted in that piece. 3. Your description of the piece is correct.

W. H. C., Amenia.—They probably play during summer months in this city. Letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them.

SUBSCRIBER, Dayton.—1. Queen Victoria has visited Ireland more than once. 2. In 1849, and again in 1853, at least.

J. F.—A straight flush, when it is agreed to play such a hand, beats four aces, but a flush in hand that will beat four aces unless by special agreement.

CONSTANT READER.—Had you asked originally what is the most that can be held in hand at six-card cribbage, the answer would have been 29.

CONSTANT READER, East Boston.—1. See report of the race in another part of this issue. 2. The bet is off, Black man having withdrawn.

RICH, Dallas.—Fredericksmont, 1,341,514; Buchanan, 1,838,232. Neither received "the popular vote," which is more than one half of the whole. Fillmore polled 874,376.

K. M. H., Chicago.—Will forward it at once. Her route is invariably recorded from week to week in our dramatic department.

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—B wins. A made one proposition, not two. For him to escape loss, Tilden had to both carry New York and be elected President.

JOLLY NASH, Phila.—Foreign-bred and English horses carry the same weight—122lb for colts and 117lb for fillies—in the Derby and St. Leger.

HUBBARD.—The late Julia Dean Hayne acted Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," in Niblo's Garden, in this city, April 25, 1868. The late E. Eddy was the Antony.

S. O'M., Chicago.—The facts were greatly exaggerated to make a sensational paragraph. It is true, however, that the man died.

B. S. C., Albany.—The party could not withdraw except with the consent of the other bettor. Notifying the referee amounts to nothing.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—1. The two divide. 2. That is right, if there was no revoke, and he claimed it in time.

S. L. C., Montreal.—He gives himself that title because, during his entertainments, he plays upon a number of horns of different kinds, all of which are made of silver.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—1. As you know nothing of the business, our advice is that you do not venture into it. 2. There are no books.

T. J. K., Boston.—A dealer can in five minutes explain to you the difference between the genuine and the imitation.

W. S. G., Boston.—Sweeps were to count at once, unless you had agreed not to count them until the end of the hand.

G. G., Petersburg.—1. Mrs. Oates was born in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1848. 2. They are all members of the Fifth-avenue Theatre Company in this city.

DECLINED.—"Keep My Mamma's Grave Green," "Going to School," "Serenade," "The Wanderer," "Trust Me, Darling," "Post this Letter."

G. M. R., Brooklyn.—Your "friends" are guying you. Your spelling is very bad, and your ideas of composition are ridiculous.

W. J. F., Duquoine.—Barney Williams died in this city April 25, 1876, in the fifty-second year of his age. His real name was Bernard O'Flaherty.

JAMES, Newark.—We have no knowledge of the lady. If you wish to make her acquaintance, seek an introduction through some friend of hers.

"J. S. S."—Wadsworth writes that he is at Oberlin, O., attending school there, and his address is Box 624, that city. He will resume professional play next season.

AQUA, Philadelphia.—Send 30 cents to Ed. James, and he will send you the compound. There is no danger in a novice using it.

F. L. S., Huron.—1. Sancho goes out before pedro. 2. Trump is not turned at that game.

G. W. H., Philadelphia.—We do not know such a person. She may be performing at present under some other name.

K. K., Detroit.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

GUS.—John Morrissey Jr. died at Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1876.

J. D. MCC., Philadelphia.—Hughey Dougherty was born in this city, but we have not the precise date.

G. P.—Such a person will probably become President. There has been no change in the law.

H. M.—Thanks; but we already have more than we can use.

F. W., New Rochelle.—C has to lead, and his lead will be the trump.

JACK, Rochester.—No point has precedence. First call, first out.

SUBSCRIBER, East Greenwich.—The first Republican candidate for the Presidency was John C. Fremont.

MARGUERITE.—1. Pronounced as if spelled Boo se co. 2. There must be a French lexicon, but he is Dutch. 3. Yes.

M. W. A., Pittsburg.—We know of nothing better than the old and still prevalent method—preserve them in lime.

CRITIC, Boston.—There is no rule governing such matters. It purely a matter of opinion.

M. C., South Bend.—See circus summary in the first two issues of THE CLIPPER, and watch future issues.

LESLIE, New Orleans.—Dora Cameron became a U. S. Senator about a month ago, after Simon Cameron resigned.

TIMOTHEUS, Boston.—It is wholly a matter of habit. One way is as good as the other.

P. D., Philadelphia.—He is in Kentucky. A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

C. C. G., Edenburg.—We cannot decide bets on the capacity of oil-wells.

POUGHKEEPSIE KNOW.—Philadelphia has many more buildings than New York City.

C. O. D., Foxburg.—There have been, and there may be yet. We do not "record" such matters.

E. H. W., Washington.—Write to W. J. Judd, No. 131 Henry street, this city.

F. W. B., Clarksville.—Your best plan would be to advertise for one.

FRANK, Chicago.—If 50 was game, low and game went out before high and sancho.

H. C., Detroit.—See pp. 53 and 58 of CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1877.

CARL JOHN H. M.—We do not pay attention to such challenges.

H. R., Galveston.—The regular express fare is $2.65. There is a train for $2.

J. E. M., Sandy Pond.—We know nothing of them further than what they advertise.

J. C. T., Galion.—Address *The Railroad Gazette*, this city or Chicago.

J. A., Pond du Lac.—1. Such a law would be unconstitutional. 2. We never offered to do anything of the kind.

J. M. J. JR., Erie.—Nobody. C should have claimed the game as soon as he had taken in his one point.

D. D. B.—It is a mere matter of opinion. The tactics of scarcely any two nations agree.

C. H. B., Syracuse.—Please return credentials when you leave.

M. H.—Tom Hyer died in this city June 26, 1864, age 45.

CONSTANT READER.—B wins. 42 won the watch—not 40.

SUBSCRIBER, West Warren.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. E. WHEELER.—One dollar and fifty cents received.

C. S., Baltimore.—Pay the stakes to the Hayes bettor.

SUBSCRIBER, Kensington.—A is out first, and B next.

LAWRENCE.—We believe he has never been married.

B. L. J., Aurora.—Salary from $12 to $20 per week.

W. P. J., Phœnixville.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. G. R., Boston.—The Chicagos are the champions.

J. H. M., Lebanon.—We have no recollection of it.

C. D., Toronto.—Jack is high in cutting at euchre.

F. M., Kansas.—Cannot play alone in either case.

A. B. C., Syracuse.—1. Alive. 2. Faded in 1845.

NO SIGNATURE, Detroit.—I won the money.

M. J. C.—5, 8, 7, give him a run of four.

J. B., Boston.—The non-dealing side.

PROPERTY.—There is no such law.

J. S. D., Fort Worth.—No charge.

A. AND B.—Mr. S. loses.

M. H. F.—You win.

S. T. A.—No.

WHILE WE ARE WAITING for Mr. Strakosch to erect his grand opera-house, it is cheering to reflect that the city of New York is not wholly deprived of operatic entertainments. Indeed, as there may exist a lingering suspicion in some minds that Mr. Strakosch will fail to carry out his project, it would be unfortunate if New-Yorkers were obliged to wait for the consummation of a scheme which may never be consummated. Despite the unfavorable circumstances which have attended all amusements this season, the opera, in some shape, has been kept pretty constantly before the public, and has achieved at least a fair measure of success. The recent revival of Wagner's compositions indicates a tendency towards higher musical standards than have hitherto prevailed in this country. Mr. Fryer may not have been able to produce the operas of the great German composer with that degree of artistic excellence which marks the performances in European capitals, but for what he has done we think he deserves the gratitude of all lovers of music. German opera is by no means a novelty to this country, but it has never met with such general popularity as the lighter works of Italian composers. We have had a taste of both this season, together with the sensuous melodies of Offenbach interpreted by the vivacious Aimee and the captivating Oates. All foreign critics are pleased to call the Americans an unmusical people; but we have observed that when really artistic performances are given, whether in opera or in concert, they are liberally patronized and thoroughly appreciated.

THEY HAVE gone to work at our *New* Court-house, smoothing the rough places, chiseling away bad corners, and otherwise repairing things. We are glad to see this mark of energy. We should very much dislike to see work stopped on the New Court-house, for we have become so used to seeing *something* being done there that we want the work to last forever.

AND NOW that we have located Oakey Hall, we must go to work in earnest, and see if we cannot discover the whereabouts of Messrs. Bennett and May, ex-duellists. And here we might state that, up to this day, we have had no definite information as to whether Bennett's shot hit May, or May's hit Bennett, supposing that shots were really exchanged.

IT IS but charitable to suppose that Oakey Hall did not go hence of his own volition, but that he was spirited away by the same gentlemen who so cunningly contrived and perfected the escape of Tweed, so romantically described in the narrative recently published by and with the advice and consent of the great Ringmaster.

IT IS to be hoped that the City Hall Park may be at once put in order, and the customary accommodations provided for those parties who in the Winter season sleep in station-houses, and gain a subsistence by borrowing two or three cents to pay their fare to Jersey, where they have a job awaiting them.

THE FIRST CROP of the first shad of the season has been unusually large, and gives ample promise of future excellence; but it may be well to remind those whom it concerns that, if plank shad is wanted, plank money first is the cry of the restaurant people.

"THE SOCIETY for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" is on the warpath again. This time it is little Rivers they have captured; they were afraid he might turn out to be one of the running Rivers if they did not bring him down at once.

OAKEY HALL has been fully identified in London. Taking everything into consideration, it would appear that Mr. Hall was not himself at all when he so strangely went away. Just so—he was, no doubt, beside himself, though.

THE HOUSE BEHIND THE HILL—the house where Tweed dwelt in Jersey—might be utilized by bringing it over here, and setting it up in the rear of the New Court House. Then we'd have the cause and the effect together.

Under a Cloud.

The "jewels" of the "Ring" are dimmed in lustre—
"Behind the bars" full many of them dwell;
Death and the law both seized from out the cluster
A number of the forms we knew so well.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Notwithstanding the high market-value of the article, several of our "public institutions" use *mush-rooms* for the benefit of their inmates.

WE WENT to see a desperate chicken-dispute a few evenings ago, and, when we innocently called it *the raging main*, we "set the house upon a roar."

IF THEY will let him out, Mr. Tweed promises to give no further trouble. We have this from one behind the scenes, and it can be relied on.

Now is the time to dig around last year's dusters and straw hats. A little care just now may bring them up as good as new.

THE STEAMER NEWPORT has been drawn off the Fall-river Line, having broken a shaft. But she is still called a *Sound* steamer.

THE GREAT WALKING match in London terminated in the defeat of Weston. The winner was kind *o' leary* when the walk ended.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***On April 2: Thomas Pringle of Tewksbury, Mass., aged fifty, hung himself.....At St. Louis, Mo., the slaves-sale brought by Dred Scott's widow was decided in her favor, $15,000 alimony being granted.....The body of Joseph T. Miller, ex-County Commissioner, was found in the woods near Schaeffertown, Pa. He was believed to have been robbed and murdered.....Clinton Mengis, sentenced in 1872 to seven years' imprisonment in the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary for counterfeiting, was pardoned.....Benjamin Gordon, aged 50, hanged himself at Chicopee, Mass., because his wife and children had left the Methodist and joined the Advent Church.....Edward Coleman of this city was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for highway robbery.....John Murwin was killed on the railroad at Middletown, N. Y.....At Pottsville, Pa., Neil Doherty and John Campbell, convicted of complicity in the Langdon murder, in 1862, were sentenced to five and nine years' imprisonment, respectively. The wife and dau. Laughlin, Jas. Jachman and Michael Colgan each received a six years' sentence for participating in the Beskill murder. Solitary confinement in all cases.....Peter B. Sweeney denied any intention to make "ring" disclosures or compromise his suit.....Salutes were fired and rejoicings indulged in by South Carolinians over the order for the removal of the Federal troops from the State-house at Columbia.....It was stated that 150 persons are to be tried for treasonable offenses in Russia.....Over half of the business portion of Monroeville, O., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $75,000.....A man named Boswell was killed, and Mrs. Boswell seriously injured, by a fall of coal at Alexandria, Va.

***April 3: Orders were formally issued directing the removal of the United States troops from the Columbia, S. C., State-house to barracks on April 10.....President Hayes' instructions to the Louisiana Commission were published, showing his desire to be the formation of a single Legislature at New Orleans, and to obtain a Republican Judge of exact feeling of the people of that State.....Martin V. Turner, who shot Mary J. Waple at Clearfield, Pa., was convicted of murder in the first degree.....Henry Matthews, a miner, was killed at Highland Falls, N. Y., by the fall of fifteen tons of iron ore.....Cable news: The Turks were reported to have perpetrated revolting atrocities in Parcha, Bussovatcha, Podgrize and Valeschitza, Bosnia. Prince Bismarck will be given leave of absence, perhaps for a year.....Dougherty Brothers & Co., bankers, of Harrisburg, Pa., failed; liabilities about $111,000, assets over $130,000.....Officer Michael Cleary, who brutally beat George Batty, was expelled from the Brooklyn, N. Y., police force, and was committed to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.....An explosion of powder at Santa Cruz, Cal., caused the death of one man, and $10,000 damage to property.....William Connell, residing here, died from injuries caused by falling through a hatchway.....Fires: Dabris & Gay's block, at Randolph, Vt.—loss $37,650, insured for $19,500; the Fredericks block, at Lockhaven, Pa.—loss over $40,000, insurance about $25,000; Glick's block, at Hespeler, Ontario—loss $15,000, partially insured; *The Review* printing-office and G. M. Black's boat-shop, at Arnprior, Ont.—loss not stated, insurance $5,000.

***April 4: Louis J. Jennings telegraphed to *The World* from London, Eng., that he had had a personal interview with A. Oakey Hall, whom he considers much broken in mind and body, and uncertain as to his future plans.....Lucy J. Freeman, a quadroon courtesan, aged 19, died at Bellevue Hospital, this city, from burns received by her dress either accidentally taking fire or being set on fire, as she claimed, by an unknown man.....Cable news: Sixteen children perished by the burning of a Norwegian schoolhouse at Elleago. The invasion of Asiatic Turkey by the Russians was expected. War preparations continue at Constantinople.....John Smith of Pine Hill was burned to death at Moresville, N. Y.....A. Friedlander, a grain-operator at San Francisco, Cal., failed; liabilities, $600,000.....Fires: Jessup & Moore's paper-mill, at Augusta, Del.—loss about $250,000, insured for $125,000; B. P. Buckley & Son's tannery, at Centre, N. Y.—loss over $25,000; Crispell & Elmendorf's hotel, at Moresville, N. Y.—loss about $6,000, insurance $5,000.....Wm. A. Twigg was reported to have been killed on the railroad at Carroll, O.

***April 5: The explosion of a hand-grenade in the office of John Jewett & Sons, white-lead and linseed-oil manufacturers of this city, caused the instant death of George W. Jewett, aged 61, fatally injured Orville D. Jewett, aged 35, and seriously wounded Joseph A. Dean, aged 55. Circumstantial evidence indicated that Orville, while temporarily insane, exploded the grenade by throwing it on the floor.....The Grand Jury indicted the murdered man for murder of the participants in the massacre of Chinese laborers at Chico, Cal.....An express and a freight train were reported to have been partially wrecked by collision at Cascade, near Summit, on the Central Pacific Railroad, Engineers George Burt and John Warren and Fireman Frank Maxwell being killed, and Conductor Wright badly scalded.....Charles Bradlaugh the agitator, and Mrs. Annie Besant the free-thought advocate, were arrested in London, Eng., charged with printing and publishing a pamphlet alleged to be of an immoral character. They were released on bail.....Joseph Wilson, a lawyer of West Chester, was killed at Philadelphia while attempting to board a railroad train.....At Cincinnati, O., Abe Rothschild, the alleged murderer of Bessie Moore, was handed over to the Texas authorities.....John McCormick, aged 35, was run over and killed on the railroad at Bordentown, N. J.....About 300 workingmen demanded work or bread from the Mayor of Ottawa, Canada, and afterwards passed a vote of censure upon Premier Mackenzie, who had refused to see them.....Advices from Indian Territory reported that on the 31st ult. Tom Williams was assassinated at Tahlquah, Cherokee Nation, and two horse-thieves were killed by a pursuing party in the Choctaw Nation.....Fires: Cotjer's grain-warehouse, at Port Nelson, Ont.—loss $12,000; Mrs. Mary Manning's residence, at Cape May, N. J.—loss $6,000; the steamer Norfolk, at Napaneer, Ont.—insured for $4,000; L. F. Thayer's barn and sheds, at Westfield, Mass.—loss $5,000, insured for $2,500.

***April 6: The Louisiana Commission arrived at New Orleans, and held consultations with both claimants to the Governorship.....John Clair, who was convicted at Windsor, Vt., for the murder of Mrs. Annie Freize, was reprieved until May 4, evidence which seems to point to his innocence having been received.....Charles Del Bondis, a produce-merchant, drowned himself at New Orleans, La.....Mrs. Eliza Strout of Chelmsford, Mass., died from hydrophobia.....Cable news: Communist refugees in Switzerland have introduced firearms in several Departments of France, preparatory to another uprising. The King of Dahomey has made overtures to the British for peace, but wishes his fine to be reduced from 500 to 125 puncheons of palm-oil. The yacht of the Hon. Frederick Guest, M. P., of the firm of Guest, Chamberlain & Co., iron manufacturers of Cardiff, Wales, and brother-in-law of Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was run down in the English Channel by the steamer Norfolk, at Margate, and sunk in 15 minutes. Mr. Guest and his valet were saved, but Mrs. Guest, her two children, a governess and a nurse were drowned. The yacht was valued at £3,000. Mr. Guest is a member of the firm of Guest, Chamberlain & Co., iron manufacturers of Cardiff, Wales, and brother-in-law of Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

***April 7: Charles C. Manly, a supposed horse-thief, was hanged by a party of masked men near Granada, Kansas.....Gottlieb Scheerer, a wealthy confectioner, killed by seemingly throwing himself in front of a railroad train in Newark, N. J.....James Hayes was hanged at Bakersfield, Cal., for the murder of Thomas Goswith.....William Boyt was stated to have killed his uncle, James Boyt, by striking him on the head with a club, near Suffolk, Va. The act seems to have been committed in self-defense.....A statement was published to the effect that there are grounds for believing that the crew of the brig Roanoke perished before the vessel being lost, and probably murdered the captain, his followers and the passengers.....The body of Miss Nettie Russman was reported to have been found in the river near Tiffin, O., appearances indicating foul play. Her lover, Lester Stone, was arrested on suspicion.....Fires: The Capitol Lime and Cement Company's storehouse and five other buildings, at West Troy, N. Y.—loss $25,000, nearly covered by insurance; the Seal Rock House, Ferry Beach, Saco, Me., covered by $7,000 insurance; A. T. Stewart's works, at Groveville—loss $3,000, insured; William H. Smith's house, near Glen Cove—loss $2,500.....A public libel prosequi was entered by District-attorney Wells, at Washington, D. C., in the case of Donn Piatt, charged with seditious writing and inciting to riot.....Daniel O'Leary defeated E. P. Weston in a walking match of six days' duration.

***April 8: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Conner of Columbia, Pa., were drowned by their horse taking fright and plunging into the canal at Upper Lime Bridge.....Cornelius Scanlon was bound hand and foot and thrown from a window in this city, receiving fatal injuries. Philip Franchauchi and seven others were arrested on suspicion.....The body of James Howie was found in the river at Jersey City, N. J.....Benjamin Landis, aged 50, of Lebanon, Pa., was committed to prison on a charge of having willfully murdered her husband.....Mrs. Fanny Shaw, wife of Godfrey Shaw of this city, died under circumstances indicating suicide.....Cable news: An international disturbance occurred at Valjes, Dantzic, Germany, but was soon adjusted to disarm first. Bismarck will be content with four months' leave of absence.....Fires: The City Hotel and several other buildings in Norwalk, O.—loss $20,000, lightly insured; Philip Herman's Summer residence, opposite Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—loss $12,000; N. M. Johnson's Block, at St. Johnsbury, Vt.—loss $6,000, insured; and other Summer resorts along the East River or on Long Island Sound—this city, April 2, aged 29.

MUHLENBERG, Rev. Dr. William Augustus—An eminent Protestant Episcopal divine, whose memory should be perpetuated for ages in his hymn "I would not Live Alway." He was the great-grandson of Henry A. Muhlenberg, founder of the German Lutheran Church in America, and was born on Sept. 16, 1796, in Philadelphia, where, having been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1814, he was ordained in 1817 and was made assistant-pastor of Christ Church, so continuing until 1821, in which year he was transferred to Lancaster, Pa., as rector of St. James' Church. It was here, Lancaster Evening Gustav, from Antwerp, lost her anchors and went ashore inside the breakwater near Lewes, Del.....A dispatch from New Orleans, La., stated that as soon as Gov. Nicholls is established the State Returning Board will be indicted for forgery, perjury, and altering the public records.....Fires: Thomas Gosnell's store, and a band of hostile Indians were reported to be coming in to surrender to the United States authorities.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AYLING, Dr. George F.—Prominent alike as a physician and as a Mason. He was graduated in London, 1825, from the Royal College of Apothecaries, Moorfields, Eng.—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 6.

BADE, Dr. Johannes—Superintendent of the Foreign Department of the Mercantile Library, this city. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Hamburg, and a graduate of Heidelburg and Gottingen. He came to this country in 1869, and was married only four months prior to his death. Suddenly—this city, April 4.

BARKER, Major Charles W.—(See Turf)—Port Byron, N. Y., April 5, aged about 54.

BOISSE, Eugene—(See Billiards)—New Orleans, La., March 31, aged 37.

BONNER, Julia Theresa—Granddaughter of the late Capt. David Boyd, R. N.—Bloomfield, N. J., April 3.

BOYD, David M.—Passenger-agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was a native of Indianapolis, a captain in an Indiana regiment during the late war, and after that the general ticket agent of the old "Bee-line" route between Cresline and Indianapolis—Jacksonville, Fla., April 3, aged about 38.

CARR, Charles—A leading iron manufacturer in Trenton, N. J.—there, April 7.

CONANT, John—A well-known New Hampshire philanthropist—Jaffrey, N. H., April 7, aged 87.

CONNER, Joseph P.—President of the State Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania. Drowned with his wife, near Scranton, Pa., April 8.

COZZENS, Edward—Formerly captain in the Sixty-fifth N. Y. Volunteers—Bay Ridge, L. I., March 31, aged 49.

DUBOSQ, William A.—Of the firm of Henry Dubosq & Brother, Philadelphia—there, April 2, aged 74.

DALLET JR., Gillies—Of the firm of G. & T. H. Dallett, Philadelphia. He and his wife were lost on the brig Roanoke, March 22.

FISHER, Louise—Wife of Nicholas Fisher, who has long kept a public-house in the Twenty-first Ward of this city, and had reared a family of sons and known in that vicinity all of whom are dead but one—this city, April 1, aged 73.

FLYNN, Mrs. Abigail Tucker—Mother-in-law of Dr. Edward Malone of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, April 5, aged 75.

FACILE, Very Rev. Brother—From 1861 to 1873 assistant of the Superior-general of the Christian Brothers, of which schools in America he was superintendent from 1848 to 1861. He joined the Order in 1816, and for a long period labored in the French prisons — Marseilles, France, April 2, aged 77.

GANESCO, Gregory—Prominent as a publicist and politician of Paris, France—there, about April 7.

GODON, Sallie K.—Wife of Rear-admiral Godon, U. S. Navy, and daughter of the late James Nevins of Philadelphia—Paris, France, April 6.

GREIG, Clarissa Chapin—Widow of the Hon. John Greig—Canandaigua, N. Y., April 1, aged 88.

GUERIN, Mgr.—Since 1851 Bishop of Langres. He was born in 1793, and prior to his advancement as Bishop was vicar-general of Besancon. Death announced in Paris papers of March 23 as having occurred suddenly, while he was putting on his robes to officiate in his own cathedral.

GRAHAM, David—Doubtless the same who was drum-major of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., as far back as twenty years ago, when its drum-corps first began to attract attention because of its numbers, and to arouse emulation in the Seventy-first, Eighth, Fifth, Eleventh and other New York regiments. He was a member of the Musical-fund Society, the Musical Mutual Protective Union, the Germania Society, the Veteran Corps of the Seventh Regiment, and also of two Masonic lodges—Morrisania, April 5, aged 48.

HARDING, Capt. Isaac—He had followed the sea since he was sixteen years old, was a captain at twenty, and for many years had commanded steamers of the Panama, Australia, Yokohama and San Francisco lines. He is also credited with having commanded the steamship Nebraska, the first to enter Fort Jackson, Australia, in 1871, and to have been the recipient of distinguishing favors at the hands of the authorities there. He was a resident of Haverhill, Mass.—San Francisco, Cal., about April 1, aged 52.

JUMAN, Hon. Benjamin—Represented Sandusky in the Ohio Legislature—Fremont, O., March 31.

JEWETT, H. P. B.—Born at Scituate, Mass., Jan. 29, 1828. He began business with the famous Arthur Tappan of Boston, and was afterwards in the employ of other leading publishing-houses of that city. When Mrs. H. B. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," originally published as a serial in *The Washington* (D. C.) *National Era*, John P. Jewett, a brother of deceased, was selected as its publisher in book-form, and H. P. B. Jewett established a branch house of the concern in Cleveland, under the name of Jewett, Worthington & Proctor. To Mr. Jewett was assigned the duty of pushing the book in the West, and his efforts met with such success as was before unknown. The house in Boston met with reverses, and took with it the concern in Cleveland. Mr. Jewett thence moved to Cincinnati, and in the year 1862 became associated with Rickey & Carroll, publishers, and afterwards with R. W. Carroll & Co.—Columbia, O., April 2.

JEWETT, George W. and Orville Dewey—Respectively uncle and nephew, and partners in an old-established white-lead and linseed-oil house in this city. The former was killed by a hand-grenade explosion, the cause of which is unknown, and the other by pistol-shots, as to which also there is yet a mystery—Front street, near Burling slip, this city, April 5.

KEESE, Mary M.—Widow of Rev. William L. Keese—this city, April 8.

KELLER, Very Rev. Father Bonaventura—Provincial of the Franciscan Fathers from New York to the Mississippi—Utica, N. Y., April 4, aged 55.

KANAIUA, Charles—Father of the late King Lunalilo, and the oldest of the Hawaiian chiefs—Hawaii, March 13, aged 76.

LAHRBUSH, Capt. Frederick—Born March 9, 1766. He had been the intimate of the Blucher whose co-operation caused the downfall of Napoleon I, among his acquaintances had been Marshal Ney, he had participated in the Peninsular War under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and had been an officer in one of the companies that alternated in guarding the great Napoleon at St. Helena. He was of spare frame, and a refutation of the physiological axiom that short men die much earlier than tall ones. He also demonstrated that the use of opium does not necessarily ruin, for he had partaken of it daily for many years after he had reached the Biblical threescore and ten, and indulged the habit until a few years ago, if not until his death. The Fourth-avenue cars in which he rode, the Twenty-first Ward in which he lived, and the church he attended regularly when the weather permitted, knew no form more familiar or welcome than his. While he held a position in the Custom-house, he was wont to change from the Fourth-avenue cars to the old Bull's Head line of stages, which carried passengers for three cents. The shop-girls who patronized those omnibuses, never suspecting that the polite, cheerful little old gentleman was more than seventy years old, looked upon him as their gallant, and he used to sit with a blamsel on either side of him. Yet he was then not far from 95 years old. During the past eight or nine years he had resided in a row of buildings erected about 1867 on the east side of Third avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets. He enjoyed the acquaintance of A. T. Stewart, Thurlow Weed and several John Wards. He was for a time for a long period the custom of the last-mentioned gentleman to annually give a dinner in commemoration of the birthday of Lahrbush. If we recollect aright, it was the Captain's habit to go to bed about seven o'clock at night, and prevent others sleeping by himself getting up at half-past three, or at four, in the morning. From time to time the Captain's great age has been called in question. Incredulity was first expressed in *Scribner's Magazine* about 1873, and it has since been expressed by gratuitous writers in *The Evening Post*. His age was never questioned in the Twenty-first Ward until after the people who had known him best had gone to their graves. Gen. Thomas Cochran put a question in, nor did Thurlow Weed, nor the gentleman who married the Captain's adopted child—this city, April 9, aged 111.

MUNROE, Sir David—Prominently identified with New Zealand affairs since the organization of that colony—Nelson, N. Z., Feb. 15.

MURRAY, Edmund B.—Brother of ex-Congressman Ambrose S. Murray—Goshen, N. Y., March 31, aged 60.

MADOU, Jean Baptiste—A noted French genre-painter and lithographer, member of the Belgian Royal Academy and the Antwerp Academy, and professor at the Royal Art School of Brussels, of which last-mentioned city he was a native—Paris, about April 2, aged 81.

MORGAN, Hon. Christopher—Lawyer. Born in Aurora, Cayuga County, N. Y., June 4, 1808, and was graduated from Yale College in 1830. He twice represented his district in Congress, and served as Secretary of State under Governors Hamilton Fish and Washington Hunt—Auburn, N. Y., April

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The exportation of horses from the United States and Canada to England is steadily increasing. Last week Messrs Spiers shipped from this city for Liverpool forty very fine horses, the majority of which were purchased in Canada.....The famous broodmare Jennie June, foaled in 1857, died March 28. She belonged to Messrs. Linck & Johnson of Nashville, Tenn.....Mr. Latham's stallion Lightning died of hydrophobia last week at Harrisburg, Ky.....The Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, trotting meeting will take place May 14 and three following days; the Point Breeze trotting meeting on May 21 and three succeeding days. The Suffolk Park Course gives $5,000 to be trotted for, and the Point Breeze Park $5,200.....The Legislature of Illinois has introduced a bill prohibiting pool-selling, as has also that of the Dominion of Canada.....The Spring meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club commences at Pimlico Park on Tuesday, May 22, and continues four days.....At a sale of noted trotting-horses recently by the Sheriff of Steubenville, Pa., the fast mare Hiawga Maid only realized $340; the pacer Bay Harry, $200; and $1,500 was offered and declined for the pacer Sleepy George, the Sheriff refusing to entertain the bid, as not being anything like the value of the horse.....The Cold Spring Course, Milwaukee, has been leased for a term of five years by Messrs. Broadhead, Boyd & Oliver, who purpose erecting an elegant club-house and grand-stand, remodeling and regrading the track, which will be widened to the extent of fifty feet, and sixty feet in the homestretch, and entirely removing the old buildings, which formerly disfigured the grounds. It was on this track, it will be remembered, that Goldsmith Maid first trotted below Dexter's then unequaled time-record of 2:17½, and placed 2:17 on the blackboard for the first time.....Sir John Astley, the owner of Sunup, the winner of the rich Croydon International Hurdle-race Handicap, won $50,000 in gold by his horse's victory. Sir John was the backer of Weston in his pedestrian match with O'Leary.....The race for the City and Suburban Handicap, one mile and a quarter, in which Mr. Sanford's American-bred horse Mate is engaged, carrying 96lb, is to be run at Epsom on Tuesday, April 24.....The Epsom Derby will be run for on Wednesday, May 30, and the Oaks on Friday, June 1.....A Hubbell of Utica, N. Y., recently lost by death his horse Barney, who was in the 45th year of his age.....W. R. Corning of Cleveland, O., recently lost by lockjaw, resulting from a wound in the foot by a nail, a promising young trotter that he gave $5,500 for last Fall at St. Louis, and that had trotted half a mile in 1:07¾ at four years old. The thoroughbred broodmare Hindoo, owned by Gen. W. G. Harding of Nashville, Tenn., died March 15.....The Australian Jockey Club Gold Cup, run for at Geelong Jan. 26, was won by the three-year-old colt Pride of the Hills, beating nine others. The distance was two miles, the time 3:41, and the weight carried 117lb. The same horse also won the Champion Stakes at Flemington; three miles, beating seven others, in 5:34½. Brisers, by Tim Whiffler, who had won the Australian Derby and Melbourne Cup, started first favorite at 5 to 4 on her, but she was beaten off. At three years old this filly had carried 115lb, and ran a mile in 1:43 1-5 at Randwick, being the fastest time on record in Australia.

RACING IN MOBILE, ALA.

The Southern turf campaign commenced on Monday, April 2, with the Spring meeting of the Mobile Jockey Club, over the Magnolia Course. The weather was delightful, the track in good running order, and the racing excellent. The opening event was the hurdle race, mile heats, over four hurdles, for a purse of $150, which was won in two straight heats by Lewis Jones' b. g. Jim Hinton, carrying 112lb, and beating T. Clarke's Chalmette, 112lb, and J. F. Wilson's Tom Flanagan, 115lb, the latter distanced in the first heat. The time was 2:03, 2:00. Next came the mile-heat race for a purse of $125, for all ages, which was won in two consecutive heats by Capt. W. Cottrill's c. c. Donough, 115lb, beating the same owner's three-year-old filly Tilton, and J. Davis' Damon, both the latter drawn on account of lameness after the first heat. Time, 1:52, 1:57. The third event was a trotting race for a purse of $50, for horses of the 2:50 class, mile heats, in harness, and was won by Jim Murphy, beating Sam Leady (who took the first heat) and Lady Bates in 2:52½, 2:52, 2:48½.

The second day's racing was postponed on account of the rain until Wednesday, April 4. The sweepstakes for three-year-olds of $10 each, with $125 added, one mile and an eighth, was won by Capt. W. Cottrill's b. f. Eva Shirley, beating her stable-companion Aunt Betsy and Lewis Jones' c. f. by Richburg. Time not reported. The mile dash for a purse of $100, all ages, was won by Capt. Cottrill's c. f. Adventure, beating the same owner's Tilton and Lewis Jones' br. m. Maria Barnes. Time not given. The dash of a mile and a quarter for a purse of $100, all ages, was also carried off by Capt. Cottrill's stable by the aid of the four-year-old colt Donough, beating Wilson's b. g. Tom O'Neil (second) and Lewis Jones' br. h. Brown Asteroid.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.—The Spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced at New Orleans on Saturday, April 7, under rather unfavorable auspices, for the weather was cloudy and threatening, and the attendance remarkably light for an opening day. The track was in good order for racing, and the contests were close and exciting. The first event, a handicap hurdle-race for the club purse of $350, over eight hurdles and two miles, had six runners, and was won by Larry Hart's c. h. Redding very easily by six lengths; no time taken. His opponents were Woodlawn (second), Capt. Hutchinson (third), Fort Leonard, Biloxi and Jim Hinton. The principal race of the day, the Pickwick Stakes, for three-year-olds, $25 each, play or pay, with $400 added by the club, mile-heats, brought out a field of eight starters (of the eleven nominations. It was won in three heats by F. W. Horn & Co.'s c. c. King William, beating John McCoy (who scored the first heat), filly by Eugene, Eva Shirley, Commodore Parisot, Humbug, Cora Linn, and Hades, the two last-named distanced in the first heat, and Humbug, with Commodore Parisot, in the second heat. Time, 1:52, 1:53½, 2:06. King William was the favorite before the start. The two-mile dash for a purse of $400, for all ages, brought out Verdigris, Russ Butler, Henry Owings and Jennie G. Henry Owings was the favorite against the field; but he could only obtain third place in the race, which Verdigris won in 3:40, with Russ Butler second. The meeting is continued over the present week.

MAJOR CHAS. W. BARKER, widely known as a poolseller, and likewise conspicuous as an auctioneer as the New York Tattersalls, died suddenly of heart disease on the 5th inst., near Port Byron, N. Y., while journeying to Rochester by way of the N. Y. Central Railroad. He was a Nova-Scotian by birth, but early removed to the States with his brother, the twain being among the first to peddle plaster in the Western country. Prior to the breaking-out of the Rebellion, in the course of which he commanded a company of dragoons, and was for a time on the staff of General McClellan, he was the proprietor of one or more hotels in Chicago. After a service of three years he left the volunteer army and was assigned to the superintendence of the building of a railroad from Athens to Schenectady. That work finished, he came to this city and organized the horse-mart of Barker & Hamlin, which soon became Barker & Chase, and, last of all, Barker & Son. His age was about fifty-four years. Expressions of genuine regret have supplemented the tidings of his death wherever he was known.

RUNNING AND TROTTING RACES IN MICHIGAN.—Exhibitions of speed, whether by running or trotting horses, for premiums given by agricultural and other associations of the State of Michigan, have hitherto been illegal, the existing statutes in that State being opposed to all awards for horse-racing, in whatever form it was thought proper to give them. To remedy this condition of the law, Mr. Shoemaker, a member of the Legislature, has introduced a bill into the Upper House of the Michigan State Legislature, which has been ordered to a third reading by a large majority, that declares "The people of the State of Michigan enact that the giving of premiums by agricultural and other societies and associations, for the running and trotting of horses at fairs or regularly appointed meetings, shall not be illegal or unlawful."

A TROTTING MATCH for a purse of $1,000, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between the Virginia mare Sadie Bell, owned by Thomas O'Connell of Zadoc store, Va., and the Maryland horse Carrollton, owned by Daniel Stevens, came off at Norfolk, Va., on Thursday, April 5. The track was very heavy in consequence of a three days' rain. The mare was the favorite in the betting at $100 to $50, the feeling of State pride in the little chestnut running very high, and causing the Virginian division, in their eagerness to bet their piles, to lay the above odds. Sadie Bell, however, fully justified their confidence in her ability to win, for she did so in three straight heats in 2:48, 2:45, 2:46.

A FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR TROTTER.—Mr. G. W. Moore of Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, London, better known as "Pony Moore," has purchased from E. H. Webling the horse Salvini, said to be the fastest trotter in England, for $5,000—a large price for a driving horse in that country.

BILLIARDS.

EXHIBITIONS.—At H. A. Walden's rooms, Utica, N. Y., on the 5th inst., Bessinger and Schaefer played 300 up, the former making runs of 80 and 200 (he played away after game was finished, and made 12 more, which do not count), while the latter ran 98 and averaged 19. Bessinger's average was 37⅞ in 300 points.....At Empire Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., on the 4th inst., Gallagher played 500 up with Carter, the latter winning by 21, and averaging 19.6-26, his best runs being 125, 63, and 61. Gallagher put in 83, 115 and 131. By a scrap forwarded along with the above by our Syracuse correspondent we observe that Joel Owen is still turning billiard balls in Syracuse, and furnishing the set for this game.....On April 4, at the Exposition Building, Louis Shaw, besides showing his fancy shots, wrestled with four of the best players in that city, they playing conjointly.....At Ithaca, N. Y., on the 6th, Schaefer beat Bessinger by 300 to 122, the winner's average being 30, and the loser's 18.3-9.

OBITUARY.—Eugene Boisse, one of the most skillful pinpool-players in this country, died in New Orleans, La., on March 31, at the age of thirty-seven years. He had resided in that city for twenty years, was known in its billiard circles as "The Little Doctor," and was quite a favorite. At the time of his death he was employed in the Jewel Billiard-room. His birthplace was Paris, France.

Capt. Frederic Lahrbush, in whose person longevity had a most striking exemplification, at least for this modern era, died in this city last week, at the age of 111 years. He left a young adopted daughter, who four or five years ago was married to Henry N. Brown, for a long period with Phelan & Collender, and, since the death of Michael Phelan, business-manager for that latter's son, George E. Phelan.

MATCH AT BALL-POOL TUSSLE.—The match for $200, noticed in these columns last week as having been made between Edsall the amateur and Clark Wilson, was played at John F. Gleason's room, Nassau street, this city, on April 3. Fifteen-ball was the battle-ground, the best in thirty-one to decide. Exactly thirty-one were played, which Wilson won sixteen, and consequently Edsall. The spectators were about five times many as the balls upon the table, or fully equal to the capacity of the room. Sam Knight and D. Partridge have contracted for a home-and-home match for $50 a side, the first twenty-one games of which are announced as to be played at Gleason's on the night of April 10.

JOSEPH BENNETT vs. S. W. STANLEY.—At the Gaiety, London, on March 27, the latter defeated the former for £250 a side by 1,000 to 753.

NEW ROOM.—It is announced that Buffalo, N. Y., will have it, and that it in turn will have six of Collender's tables.

RETIRED—Samuel Davis Jr., from the management of the room at the International Hotel, Hamilton, Canada.

CLOSED—Schwab's room, 674 North Broad street, Philadelphia.

AQUATIC.

THE CHALLENGE-CUP COMPETITION IN ENGLAND.
Boyd the Victor.

The £100 Challenge Cup and £100 in money, offered by the proprietors of *The Newcastle Chronicle*, added to a sweepstakes of £10 each, were competed for on the Tyne, Eng., March 17, 19, by R. W. Boyd (22 years old, 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighing about 154lb.), Wm. Lumsden (23 years), William Nicholson (29), and Wm. Elliott (27), the other entries, Thomas Blackman and Robt. Chambers of Wallsend, having withdrawn. According to the conditions drawn up by the donors, the holders of the cup shall not be called upon to row more than two championship matches in defense of the cup within each year. All the matches must be rowed within the United Kingdom, and shall be for not less than £200 a side; the distance not less than three miles, nor more than six miles, and to be rowed on any recognized river in the United Kingdom by which the champion for the time being may reside. In case the holder, when challenged, claims to row on unsuitable water, the trustees of the cup have the power to order the match to be rowed on some other water, preference being always given to the championship course of the Thames or Tyne. In case the holder pays forfeit in any properly arranged championship match, the cup shall revert to the trustees, who shall hold it until another championship match is made and won. In case of the cup being won in three successive matches within the space of two years by the same sculler, it shall become his absolute property, provided that the whole of the matches have been bona-fide in every respect. The course for the first, second and final heats was from the Mansion House to Scotswood Bridge, a little over three miles; and for the heat for the third prize from the High-Level Bridge to Waterson's Gates, one mile. The winner received the cup, £50 of the money added by the donors, and £40, the amount of the sweepstakes subscribed by the four competitors; the second prize was £30, and the third £20. A very large number of people assembled on both days, and there was a great amount of betting on the event. Prior to the draw the wagering was at 5 and 6 to 4 on Boyd, 5 to 2 against Nicholson, and 4 to 1 against Lumsden, and 20 to 1 against Elliott. The following is a return:

First Heat—William Nicholson, Stockton, first; Wm. Elliott, Peggswood, second. The betting was not heavy, odds of 4 to 1 being laid on Nicholson, who, having won the toss for the choice of sides, took the north side, where he was considerably sheltered from the wind. Being quicker in starting, Elliott secured a slight lead, but Nicholson at once settled down to his work, and with three or four strokes drew nearly a quarter of a length in advance, and off Davidson's Mill was leading by nearly half a length. Elliott then made a great effort to reduce his opponent's lead; but Nicholson was able to draw away again, and held a lead of rather over half a length past Wyley's Quay, where he got into capital water, whilst Elliott was in rough water. Nicholson, rowing in capital style, increased his lead, and was clear on the Skinner Burn. When the Redheugh Bridge (half a mile from the start) was reached, Nicholson was leading by three lengths in 3min. 20sec. After passing under the bridge, Nicholson increased his lead to between four and five lengths at Cooper's Ferry, and a little farther on both the men got into rough water, and were exposed to the strong wind blowing against them, several spurts by Elliott resulting in his reducing the gap to two lengths off Waterson's Gates (one mile from start); but Nicholson, on getting into smooth water, alongside the meadows, was leading by nearly half a dozen lengths, and reached the head of the meadows in 17min. 35sec. from starting. At Paradise Quay Elliott retired, leaving Nicholson to row to the finish alone.

2. Robert Watson Boyd, Gateshead, first; William Lumsden, Blyth, second. The toss for choice of sides was won by Boyd, on whom the betting was 2 to 1 against Lumsden started with an advantage of a few feet; but Boyd, rowing very fast and with great strength, drew up level with four or five strokes, and when 100 yards had been covered he had drawn his boat nearly a half length ahead. When nearly quarter of a mile from the start, Lumsden ran into a large floating mass of wood and rubbish, which caused him to fall farther into the rear, and, a piece of wood being caught in his rowlock, Lumsden had to stop and remove it, the result being that, before he could get again fairly under way, Boyd was leading by three lengths, and virtually had the race in his hands, passing the Skinner Burn with a lead of three lengths. The Redheugh Bridge was reached by Boyd (time 3m. 55sec.) nearly four lengths ahead, and he was leading by ten lengths at the end of the first mile. Nearing the end of the course, Boyd eased, and Lumsden came up to within two lengths of him, and by that distance Boyd went in winner, the time being 30min. 18sec.

Heat for the Third Prize.—Lumsden, first; Elliott, second. There was no betting. Lumsden, who had the outer course, went away with a slight lead; but Elliott quickly drew up level, and was half a length ahead until nearing the Redheugh Bridge, when Lumsden drew up and went under the bridge with a lead of fully half a length. Soon after clearing the bridge, Elliott spurted, and once more got level, and the boats kept pretty close company until the finish, when Lumsden put on a slight spurt, and landed himself winner of the third prize by half a length.

Final Heat.—Boyd, first; Nicholson, second. Boyd won the choice of sides, and of course took the north side. In starting, Nicholson secured a slight lead; but with two or three powerful strokes Boyd drew up level, and a short distance farther had taken a lead of fully half a length. He gradually drew away, notwithstanding the efforts of Nicholson, and at the Skinner Burn was leading by nearly one length. Nearing the Redheugh Bridge, Boyd held a lead of about two lengths, which he rapidly increased to three lengths. He eased up a little as Cooper's Ferry was reached, but had the race easily in hand, and, though he allowed Nicholson to reduce his lead, he with apparent ease won by five lengths, doing the distance in 25min. 45sec. Thomas Jones officiated as referee.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE RACE.

Our latest budget of foreign exchanges contain particulars of the boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge eights March 24. We take the appended description of the closing part of the contest from *The Sporting Life*:

Opposite the Bull's Head, at Barnes, daylight was barely discernible between the boats, and it may safely be said that Oxford passed Barnes Bridge with a lead of more than a length. Cambridge held them hard right past the White Hart, and made another spurt, but it was all in effectual, and away went Oxford, still increasing their lead inch by inch. A very few yards farther, however, an incident occurred which materially altered the aspect of affairs. Bow in the leading boat was seen to catch a nasty crab, with the usual effect of unsettling the work in the boat, and Cambridge did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity. Shafto made a splendid dash, rowing 40 to the minute, and at first, to the utter surprise of almost everybody, gaining more by it at the outset than Cambridge had ever been able to do since Oxford collared them at Chiswick. The feeling of astonishment just as suddenly abated when it was perceived that the Oxford bow was now employed only in keeping time and preserving his oar, which he was unable to feather, clear of the water. The contest now became one of the most extraordinary excitement, and the question as to who was the better man Cambridge or Oxford was finally settled. Cambridge endeavored to take complete advantage of their adversaries' misfortune. In a few strokes it became apparent that the pluck and the determination were there, and that the race had not been utterly exhausted in the unceasing struggle up Barnes Reach, where Oxford seemed to have proved themselves superior—at least by a great deal, but still the better of the two. The latter, too, granted all that Cambridge might have left in them, was time left to them. Could they get up in so short a distance, especially as the seven effective Oxford oars were being worked with a vim that showed the Dark Blue had not lost heart, despite their check in the moment of victory? As the judge's skiff came plainly into view amidst the surrounding craft, it seemed impossible that Shafto, desperately as he was rowing, and fast as he was gaining, could pass the Oxford eight; and, when the gun was fired to denote the finish, there were few of the Field and Press steamers which, close at the time, who did not fancy Oxford had won by about a yard, though there were most assuredly some close observers who held that the distance between the two boats was not so much as that. We venture, however, to say that everyone was startled when, in answer to an inquiry from the Press steamer, Phelps announced that the result was a dead heat! After the race was over, and when it was found that John Phelps was not at hand when wanted by Mr. Chitty, the umpire, there was some little show of pressed; but that was removed when, later in the morning, in an interval snatched from arguing a case in the Court of Chancery, Mr. Chitty had an interview with the parties concerned, and ratified the judge's decision. There was a considerable amount of curiosity displayed as to the real nature of the accident in the Oxford boat which had placed bow for the time being on the scrivital. It was ascertained on inquiry that it had broken at the time the crab we have mentioned was so unhappily caught, and that it held together only by the leather at the button, so that it was impossible to make any use of it. The times, as taken by chronograph, were as follows: Start, 8h. 27m. 3½s.; arrival, 8h. 51m. 39½s.; duration of race, 24m. 6½s. The correct weights of the men were as follow: Oxford—D. J. Cowles (bow), 157½lb; J. M. Boustead, 177; H. Pelham, 175½; W. H. Grenfell, 178; H. J. Stayner, 173½; A. Mulholland, 175½; T. C. Edwardes-Moss, 170; H. P. Marriott (stroke), 168½; F. Beaumont (cox.), 99. Cambridge—R. J. Hoskyns (bow), 151½; T. W. Lewis, 164; J. C. Penn, 160; W. B. Close, 168; L. G. Pike, 178; C. Gurdon, 181½; T. Hodgson, 179½; C. D. Shafto (stroke), 169½; G. L. Davis (cox.), 103.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S TRAVELS.—Concerning the "American Pearl-diver's" adventures while making the passage of the Straits of Messina, Italy, in his life-saving suit, a dispatch, dated Messina April 5, says: "Captain Boyton crossed the Straits on the 10th inst. in a storm, which placed the boats in great danger. During the passage, which occupied five hours, the Captain was attacked by a large shark, but succeeded in driving off his assailant before being bitten, although he received a sharp blow from its tail. The American Consul and several gentlemen were in the boats which accompanied him. He had an enthusiastic reception from thousands of people on landing, and he was officially received by the authorities.

THE ATLANTIC BOAT CLUB of Hoboken, N. J., held an election April 5 with this result: President, C. Erlenkotter; vice-president, W. H. Curtis; recording secretary, R. S. Murray; corresponding secretary, F. Emmerich; treasurer, James Reed; captain, C. Erlenkotter. The club has two boat-houses at the foot of Fourth and Twelfth streets, Hoboken, and the fleet includes one ten-oared barge, one four-oared barge, one six-oared shell, two four-oared shells, one pair-cared gig, and a number of private shells and working boats. If they succeed in getting up the new four-oared shell crew they are trying for, the Atlantics may once more take a place in the front line.

THE DELAWARE-RIVER YACHT CLUB of Philadelphia elected the following officers April 4: Commodore, Robt. Thompson; vice-commodore, James H. Boone; secretary and treasurer, Harry Nichols. The race for the championship (now held by the Adelphi) takes place May 21; course, from Camden, N. J., around Chester buoy and back—a distance of twenty-eight miles.

HARVARD AND YALE have agreed to row their second annual eight-oared race on Friday, June 29, but the course has not yet been decided upon. The Harvard representatives favoring New London, Ct. (the water at which place was inspected on the 7th inst.), while Yale prefers the scene of her last year's victory—Springfield, Mass.

THE RING.

PROF. CLARK'S EXHIBITION.

Doubtless the prevalence of a very chilling and disagreeable rainstorm in a measure militated against the success of "Bill" Clark's athletic entertainment, but it is patent that the main cause of the light attendance at Kelly & Leon's pretty little hall of minstrelsy on Monday evening, April 2, is to be found in the rapidity with which these rather high-priced entertainments have of late followed each other, together with the absence of anything specially attractive, which has naturally become an essential element of success in shows of this description. That it did not, in the matter of performance, equal expectations, was owing partly to the failure of some whose names were on the bills to appear, and partly to the fact that two other exhibitions of like sort transpired the same evening, which prevented the places of the absentees being filled by others. The meagre assembly may be said to have been almost wholly made up of personal friends of the beneficiary. Hopes were indulged that the announced set-to between Wm. McClellan and his recent opponent in a regular glove-fight, John Cash, would be productive of something worth putting out a dollar and a half to witness; but neither of them showed up, and another disappointment was occasioned by the non-appearance of the Johnny Crapeaus who were advertised to give a display of the beauties of boxing with the feet, which all felt interested in. This stripped the programme of its only positively attractive features, and the entertainment given was very ordinary.

The sparring bouts were between Billy and Warry Edwards (just from Brooklyn, where they had boxed at Whitney's Show), Johnny Saunders and Johnny Reilly, Charles F. Ottignon and a pupil (who can wax the Professor at penochle, if he can't keep tally with him as a glove-practitioner), Prof. Judd and Tom Collins, and Bill Clark and Prof. Miller, the latter having the advantage in height and reach, but lacking somewhat the rotund beneficiary's quickness in hitting, though Bill found it very difficult to get past Miller's guard, let alone get away without smelling the latter's glove. The sets-to were all pleasing, but in no manner exciting. Considerable amusement was created by a Greco-Roman wrestling exhibition between wiry Emil Regnier and Heygster of the pondorous paunch. It was science against strength and impunity of body and, after a protracted struggle, skill won the day, Regnier being awarded the first fall. After a rest they went at it again, and a long and tiresome contest which ensued, during which Regnier's frequent attempts to get a secure hold were rendered futile by the perspiration which covered the legitimate German's body like a coating of grease, and finally the referee, Harry Hill (who was also Master of Ceremonies), weakened on it himself and cried quits. Joe Ryan and Mike Coburn then gave a short, sharp display of square-hold wrestling, which ended in Mike getting the better of the fall, which came to the ground. Louis Richards and J. M. Laflin then gave samples of their ability in swinging clubs, the former handling with consummate skill and grace a large-sized and showy but very "light-waisted" pair; while Laflin, a much larger man, manipulated, with less grace, but still in a most creditable manner, a brace of solid hard-wood clubs calculated to topping off with one of the heaviest calibre manufactured. There was likewise a fencing match between a couple of Frenchmen, and an assault with single-sticks, neither of which items was much fancied by the spectators, who were in danger of having their heads cracked at any time while the latter were on the stage, and on two occasions only quick eyes and sharp dodging prevented such a result.

THE GLOVES IN BROOKLYN.—John W. Whitney, who well on to a score of years ago was a prominent professor of the manly art, and well known in the metropolis and other cities of the Empire State, and who for some time past has been engaged in giving scientific instruction to the pupils at Burnham's Gymnasium, Brooklyn, took a benefit at Vineyard Hall, that city, on Monday evening, April 2. There was a goodly number of spectators present, the promise of good things to come proving potent despite the pelting rain, and a pretty good show was given them. The boxing was done by Bill McClellan and Leary, the latter and Larry Fowers (who has just turned up again), Billy Edwards and his brother Warry, and Whitney and Slack, the latter couple making the showiest but not the most workmanlike set-to of the evening. The Drohan Brothers also appeared in their very clever act of club-swinging and juggling, and Prof. Van Houten pleased with a good song. A number of gentlemen of prominence in the political and business world were in the house, and seemed to greatly enjoy the fistic fare placed before them.

TESTIMONIAL TO MIKE HENRY.—A complimentary benefit has been tendered to the prominent Brooklyn, N. Y., sporting-man whose name appears in the caption of this paragraph, and the event is to take place at the commodious Athenæum, on Atlantic street, near Clinton, next Monday evening, April 16. A very full programme of varied attractions, mainly sparring, has been prepared, and among others the following well-known performers, professional and amateur, have, we are informed, personally appealed before the Honorable Michael, and promised to be present as active participants upon the occasion: Prof. Charles F. Ottignon, Johnny Dwyer, William Edwards, Wm. C. McClellan, Warry Edwards, George McCarthy, and Young Mullen, members of the fistic brigade; Tom Nolan, Irish comic; the Empire Children, McDermott and Sheehan, double clog; George Jarvis, C. St. Clair and G. Melbourne, comic and sentimental singists. The affair will be brought to an end by a scientific set-to between Dwyer and Ottignon.

JAMES BIFFIN, the Boston boxer, who some time ago had two fingers cut off by a saw, last week met with an additional stroke of ill-luck in the destruction by fire of his house and its contents, at Saugus, Mass., April 4, himself and family barely escaping with their lives. By this calamity the results of the labor of years have been swept away; but his fellow-citizens have shown their sympathy for a respected and unfortunate townsman by extending, unsolicited, material aid.

CHARLEY DEVERE the dog-trainer, who acts as M. C. on some occasions, is down for a benefit on April 20 at Wood's Museum, this city, to be followed below Green, Philadelphia. He has twenty-nine dogs, and will exhibit the results of his training. Besides the regular company, a number of prominent sparrers will appear, Devere and young Hays winding up.

JOHNNY CLARK, Weeden, Collyer and the others confined in jail at Trenton, N. J., on account of the fight at Pennsville, are reported to be in good health, and all except Fiddler Neary are represented as well-behaved.

BILLY EDWARDS AND ARTHUR CHAMBERS began a seven nights' engagement at the New Adelphi Theatre, Broad street, above Arch, Philadelphia, April 7.

WE HAVE LETTERS for "Billy" Edwards, Arthur Chambers, and Mrs. Goss (2).

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX DAYS' WALKING MATCH.
Daniel O'Leary Defeats E. P. Weston for $5,000.

The first genuine stake-money match in which Daniel O'Leary and Edward Payson Weston have ever been opposed to each other, and the first bona-fide match in which the latter has engaged since his arrival in England, over a year ago, took place at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., during the past week, commencing at five minutes past 12 o'clock on the morning of the 2d inst., and finishing on the night of the 7th. The match was to walk for six consecutive days, for £500 a side, and the result was the victory of O'Leary by ten miles and two hours, according to the following score, which gives the daily progress of thousands persons, comprising many noblemen and ladies, crowded Agricultural Hall, Islington, all day to witness the completion of the Weston-O'Leary walk. The excitement was such as has never before been witnessed at an exhibition of the kind in London. O'Leary completed his 500 miles at 2:49 this afternoon. Tremendous excitement followed. Weston accomplished the same distance at 8:15 this evening, appearing much the fresher of the two. At nine o'clock O'Leary had made 520 miles to Weston's 503. O'Leary retired amid tremendous applause and cheering. Weston continued until eleven o'clock, making 510 miles, and then retired. Weston was loudly cheered for his endurance, and, although beaten, left the track fresh and happy. O'Leary walked from ten to eleven o'clock on the course for exercise only, and retired at 11 o'clock. He was evidently determined that his vanquished rival should not alone receive the applause of the multitude. He remained in the field, although he had enough. He was evidently greatly fatigued, but may have found some compensation in the tremendous applause which he received. O'Leary's walking has been much admired, and has astonished even his backers in thus performing a task which only a few years ago would have been regarded as incredible. *The Standard* says that, 'although Weston was defeated, the British people respect his pluck and sympathize with him in that is probably the bitterest disappointment of his life, namely, being vanquished at the moment when he had surpassed all his previous performances.' The difference in the style of the two men is much noted. O'Leary walked in good, upright form, with his body thrown back, holding in each hand a piece of wood. Weston, on the contrary, walked with a riding whip in his hand, jesting with his friends and trying to keep pace with the music." An Associated Press dispatch says that when O'Leary completed 500 miles, at 2:50 P. M., Weston was twenty-two miles behind, and that the main match was concluded in about four hours. Assuming *The Herald's* dispatch to be correct, O'Leary's 500 miles were accomplished in the great time of 5 days 14 hours and 44 minutes.

CHALLENGE TO 100-MILE WALKERS.

The attention of long-distance pedestrians is called to the following challenge from the well-known Chicago walkist John Ennis, on whose account we note a hold $50. The clause in regard to stakeholders and referee attests the sincerity of the challenger's desire for a match on an honest basis, but we must respectfully decline to either hold the money finally or appoint a referee. Who amongst our Eastern peds will seize this opportunity?

CHICAGO, April 6, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Mr. John Ennis of this city is desirous of making a match for a hundred-mile in twenty-four hours with any pedestrian in the country, under the following conditions, viz.: 1. The stake to be one hundred dollars a side. 2. The walk to take place either in New York or Chicago, within thirty days from the signing of articles. 3. The party going from home to be allowed twenty-five dollars expenses, and the winner to take either two-thirds or all the gate-money after paying expenses. 4. Mr. Frank Queen to be stakeholder and to select referee if the walk takes place in New York, and *The Chicago Field*, if in Chicago. Inclosed you will find post-office order for fifty dollars as a forfeit, which please hold until May 1, if not accepted sooner. By publishing above you will much oblige, and an answer from some of your Eastern pedestrians will be looked for through the columns of your paper. Yours truly, W. H. HAUCK.

HANDICAP RACING.—A 207yds. running handicap, promoted by James Taylor, and for which there were forty-seven acceptors out of sixty-eight entries, was decided at the Mosten Park Grounds, Chadderton, near Manchester, Eng., March 10, 12. Four of the twelve heats resulted in walks-over, and the final ended in the success of the following men: J. Richards, 93½yds. start, first, £80; J. C. Booth, 84, second, £15; C. Wright, 80½, third, £5. John Williams was referee and Thos. Wilkinson pistol-firer.

FOUL PLAY.—A four-mile handicap, for which fourteen started, was the sensational affair at the Shawfield Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, March 24. *The Sporting Life* says of the race: "They had not got 300 yards when A. Clark, who had 110 yards start, actually waited till the champion came alongside, when he tried to push J. McLeavy, scratch man, over the track, which is about three feet high; but McLeavy dropped behind and allowed Clark to go by; but Clark, not to be denied, waited till coming into the straight, and at the second attempt pushed M'Leavy over the track—one of the most dastardly acts ever seen on a race-track, and for which the proprietor should warn him off for the future. The public, however, not to be denied, sent a shower of brickbats at Clark; but still he ran on in the most dogged manner for about 300 yards farther, when the crowd broke in and knocked him down, the race being stopped; but it will be run over again."

LONG-DISTANCE WALK.—The feat of walking from Margate to Canterbury and back, Eng., a distance of thirty-two miles, in six hours and a half, was successfully accomplished by Herbert Dancaster on March 19. Barre (eight miles) was reached in 1h. 15min., and Canterbury in 2h. 55min., Dancaster having time well in hand for the home journey. He completed the entire distance in 6h. 19min. 45sec. (including a stoppage of 4min.), winning with 10min. 15sec. to spare. Dancaster is about 22 years of age, and for the feat in question was comparatively untrained. John Miles the cricketer was referee and timekeeper.

A SEVEN-MILE WALKING-HANDICAP took place at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., March 19. There were seventeen starters, and the first to finish the 31 laps 137yds. was A. Hancock, who had five minutes' start, and won by 300yds. from J. Hall, who was also a scratch-minute man; R. Harding (4 min.) third, 90 yards off; and O. Lewis (6min. 30sec.) fourth. W. Perkins, the scratch-man, retired at the eighth lap. W. Ide (5min. 30sec.) having left the track after walking three laps. Time, 27min. 23¾sec. R. Watson was referee.

CROSSLAND VS. VAUGHAN.—Peter Crossland, who recently defeated O'Leary, and Henry Vaughan have been matched to walk forty-eight hours, for £100 a side, at the Royal Pomona Palace, Manchester, Eng., commencing at 9 o'clock P. M. on May 19.

W. SLADE AND J. GIBB, respectively amateur champions of Great Britain at one and four miles, have agreed to run a four-mile match, for a silver medal presented by the London A. C., at the club ground, Fulham, London, Eng., April 30.

P. MCKELLEM, late of the Scott Grays, walked a mile, ran a mile and rode a mile in 17min. 40sec., at the Springfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, March 24.

NOAH MACKINSON, the well known sporting boniface, has leased the building corner of Cresson and Jackson streets, Manayunk, Philadelphia, known as "Red Men's Hall," where he is now domiciled. Noah has revived pedestrianism in that lively suburb of Philadelphia.

THERE IS A LETTER in this office for Ed. Mullen.

THE COLLEGE ATHLETES.

Delegates representing the several colleges composing the Intercollegiate Athletic Association assembled in convention at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, in this city, on Wednesday, April 4. The names of those holding credentials were: Amherst, E. C. Morell; Columbia, J. W. Pryor and C. W. Francis; Dartmouth, H. L. Moore; Harvard, E. H. Merrick and Sycamore Butler; College of the City of New York, B. Loth; Princeton, H. B. Thorington and J. A. Campbell; University of Pennsylvania, H. L. Geyelin and G. S. Philler; Wesleyan, Wm. C. Wallace; Williams, Walter Geer; Yale, G. C. Creighton (president) and C. H. Strong. After the transaction of routine business and the appointment of a committee on membership, Messrs. Pryor, Geyelin, and Morell—the following gentlemen were elected officers by acclamation: President, C. W. Francis; vice-president, Cyrus W. Field Jr., Williams; secretary, G. S. Philler; treasurer, J. A. Campbell; executive committee, the president, Messrs. Morell and Merrick. After a verbal report from Mr. Webb of the outgoing executive committee, in the course of which he denounced in severe terms the action of the Saratoga Citizens' Committee of 1876 for failure to fulfill promises made to the Association, greatly to their annoyance and inconvenience, the question of where and when to hold the next annual games came up. The place was settled upon without trouble, and the New York Athletic Club will be solicited to grant the use of their grounds, in Mott Haven, for the approaching meeting—a request which will be cheerfully complied with. Considerable discussion took place in regard to the proper time for holding the games; for, while all were of opinion that it was a mistake to have them occur during the heated term, some advocated Spring and others Fall as the more appropriate season of the year for such exercises, their duties as students being also taken into consideration. The votes of those in favor of Spring finally prevailed, and it is probable that the meeting will be held within a few days of that of the N. Y. C., to take place May 30. The following games will constitute the programme: Mile walk, 2-mile walk, mile run, 880-yard run, 440-yard run, 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 120-yard hurdle race, throwing 16lb hammer, running high jump, running broad jump, pole-vaulting, putting shot, one-mile walk for graduates, 100-yard dash for graduates. The executive committee were instructed to prepare rules for the government of the field meetings, and Messrs. Campbell and Merrick committee for the purpose of seeing that the constitution of the Association be printed and distributed to the colleges within a month. It was ordered that any college association failing to pay its assessment before the next annual games shall not be permitted to enter in any of the competitions; also, that the claims against such associations as were in arrears for dues, and which were not represented in the past games, be remitted. The meeting then adjourned, subject to call of the chairman and executive committee.

WRESTLING.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.
Owens Wants a Bona-fide Match.

The proposals contained in James Owens' acceptance of Martin's challenge to wrestle for the collar-and-elbow championship and $500 a side were of such a nature as to give the impression that he was not in real earnest; but it appears pretty clear, from the subjoined communication, that this was an erroneous idea. We may have unintentionally done Owens injustice by the remarks in last week's issue, prefatory to the letter of acceptance; but, as they have had the effect of causing him to place himself squarely on the record in the declaration of war which follows, we do not regret the circumstance. Terms now offered by the Vermonter are not, to our thinking, at all objectionable, except, perhaps, in the matter of the place named for the contest, which may be too far from home to

AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Tis evening—sky and ocean meet
Without a cloud; the glorious sun hath set,
Undimmed by shadows, in his briny bed;
And o'er the vacant throne, the heavens, hath shed
His royal mantle, crimson edged with gold,
While purple robes his couch, the waves enfold.

Now cometh Night, with all her sparkling train—
Each star beheld reflected back again
With scarce less lustre from the ocean's breast.
Dancing on every wayward billow's crest
Our gallant ship, like some swift sea-bird, flees,
Her outspread wings swelled by the favoring breeze.

At length the farthest east begins to gleam—
Stars, planets, wane before the brightening beam;
Morning hath lit her love-torch in the sky,
Varying the blue of heaven's canopy;
And from his bed the radiant god of day
Comes like a bridegroom, smiling joyously.

The distant headlands, which their brows unreared
Yest'reen so boldly, now have disappeared;
Naught save a bright and limitless expanse
Of heaving billows meets our circling glance;
The vessel's hull with glitt'ring spray's half hid,
On which the sun paints rainbows as we glide.

The breeze still holds—unreef another sail—
Spread all our canvas to the generous gale!
If we escape old Neptune's rougher sport,
At this rate we'll soon reach the destined port.
May winds like this our onward course attend—
They'll waft us safely to our voyage's end.

A FIGHT FOR FOOTLIGHT FAME.

A First-night in Paris—Rows at Rehearsal and Skirmishes with Mademoiselle Mars.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It may encourage or console our young aspirants for the fame of dramatic authorship to know how Victor Hugó fought for his first victory against critics, hostile authors, and especially against the whims of that child of genius and caprice Mademoiselle Mars. The story is pleasantly related by Madame Hugo. At the threshold of his dramatic inspiration, Victor Hugo had two subjects in view. He hesitated whether he should first give his attention to "Marion De Lorme" or to "Hernani." He decided in favor of the former, and began to write on the 1st of June, 1829. On the 20th of June, at daybreak, he commenced the fourth act, worked incessantly night and day, and traced the last line as the dawn again appeared. Between sunrise and sunrise the act had been completed. On the 24th of June the play was finished. "Marion De Lorme," however, was not destined to lead the van of the great author's triumphs. Although eagerly sought for by the managers of the principal theatres of Paris, it was unceremoniously doomed to the shelf, for the time being, by the interdiction of the Government. Certain political allusions in the piece were supposed to reflect upon the character of the reigning monarch, Charles X, and the Minister of the Interior, sustained by the King, positively prohibited the representation.

Victor Hugo was not all discouraged by this check; he knew well enough that the interdiction of "Marion De Lorme" would be a first-class advertisement for his next play. The following week he was at dinner with the Baron Taylor, director of the Theatre Francaise, who was about to start on a voyage.

"When shall you be back?" asked M. Hugo.

"At the end of the month."

"That gives us a little more than three weeks. Very well, convoke the committee for the first of October; I will read something."

On the first of October he read "Hernani." The play was received with acclamations, and the parts were immediately cast: Doña Sol to Mademoiselle Mars, Hernani to M. Firmin, Don Ruy Gomez to M. Joanny, Don Carlos to M. Michelot. The most insignificant roles were accepted and solicited by actors of reputation—Regnier, Samson and others. The few lines of the page Jaques were cast to Mademoiselle Despreaux (afterwards Madame Allan).

The first rehearsals were conducted with a vim. M. Michelot, although not an admirer of the new style of dramatic literature, was a man of the world and of engaging manners. M. Firmin was in sympathy with the melodramatic vein. M. Joanny, who wore the white hairs of Don Ruy Gomez, was a veteran who had lost two fingers while fighting under the command of General Hugo. He showed the author his mutilated hand, and said to him, with a certain emphasis that was quite natural:

"It shall be my glory to have served in youth under the father, and in old age under the son."

The new style—that is to say, the departure from the academic severity of the old authors—had already been tried at the Theatre Francais, and with success. Alexandre Dumas' drama of "Henry III" had recently been played there, and that author, comparatively unknown the day before, found himself, no pun to excite envy, had taken the classical party by surprise, leaving the public, weary of the traditional sameness of tragedy and comedy, free to enjoy the charm of innovation and the fresh, vigorous and untrammeled genius of the younger school.

The trouble began with Mademoiselle Mars. Mademoiselle Mars was at that time fifty years of age; it was but natural that she should prefer the plays that from childhood she had been accustomed to, or those that resembled them; she was hostile to all dramatic innovation. Her chief object in accepting the role was to prevent anyone else from playing it. But she rehearsed Doña Sol with a listless, dissatisfied and wondering air, like one who had fallen below her professional level in passing from "Valerie" into "Hernani." Thirty-six years of success had given her an almost dictatorial power in the theatre, and she took pleasure in making authors feel the weight of her sceptre. Alexandre Dumas gives the following episode of the rehearsals of "Hernani:"

"Things went on somewhat in this way: In the middle of the rehearsal Mademoiselle Mars would come to a sudden pause.

"'Excuse me, my friend,' she would say to Firmin, to Michelot, or to Joanny; 'I have a word to say to the author.'

"The actor thus addressed would nod assent and remain mute and motionless in his place. Mademoiselle Mars would advance to the footlights, put her hand above her eyes, and, although she knew perfectly well in what part of the orchestra the author was seated, she would pretend to be looking for him. That was the lady's little by-play.

"'Monsieur Hugo!' she would ask. 'Is Monsieur Hugo there?'

"'I am here, madame,' M. Hugo, rising, would answer.

"'Ah! very well! Thank you. Tell me, Monsieur Hugo —'

"'Madame!'

"'I have to say this line: "You are my lion, generous and brave."'

"'Yes, madame. Hernani says to you: "Alas! and yet my soul's deep love is thine! Weep not! Let's rather die! Were the world mine, I'd give it thee! I am misfortune's slave!" And you reply: "You are my lion, generous and brave!"'

"'Do you like that, Monsieur Hugo?'

"'What?'

"'You are my *lion!*'

"'I have written it so, madame, and, consequently, must have thought that it was good.'

"'And so you insist upon your *lion?*'

"'I insist, and I do not insist, madame. Suggest to me something better, and I will substitute that something.'

"'It is not for me to find the words; I am not the author.'

"'Well, then, madame, if that is the case, let us simply leave it as it is written.'

"'But really it seems to me so funny to call Monsieur Firmin my *lion.*'

"'Ah! because, in playing the part of Doña Sol, you wish still to be Mademoiselle Mars. If you were in fact the ward of Don Ruy Gomez De Sylva—that is to say, a noble Castilian lady of the sixteenth century—you would not in Hernani see Monsieur Firmin, but one of those terrible chiefs of outlaws who made Charles V tremble even in his capital; then you would understand that such a woman might call such a man *my lion*, and it would not strike you as being so funny.'

"'Very well. As you insist upon your *lion*, let us say no more about it. I am here to recite what is written. In the manuscript it is "my lion;" I shrill say "my lion." Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! it is all the same to me. Come, Firmin: "You are my lion, generous and brave."'

"But then, the next morning, at the same line, Mademoiselle Mars paused again. As on the day before, she shaded her eyes with her hand. As on the day before, she pretended to be looking for the author.

"'Monsieur Hugo,' said she with her dry voice, her own voice, the voice of Mademoiselle Mars, and not that of Celimene. 'Is Monsieur Hugo there?'

"'I am here, madame,' answered Hugo with his accustomed placidity.

"'Ah! so much the better! I am very glad that you are there.'

"'Madame, I had the honor of presenting my respects to you before the rehearsal.'

"'That is true. Well, have you reflected?'

"'About what, madame?'

"'About what I said to you yesterday.'

"'On yesterday you did me the honor to say many things to me.'

"'Yes, you are right. But I allude to that famous hemistiche.'

"'Which?'

"'Eh! mon Dieu! You know very well.'

"'I assure you I do not, madame; you address to me so many good and just observations that I confound them together.'

"'I mean the hemistiche about the *lion.*'

"'Ah! yes. You are my lion! I recollect.'

"'Well, have you found something to take its place?'

"'I must confess that I have not tried.'

"'Do you not consider that hemistiche dangerous?'

"'I do not know what you mean by dangerous, madame.'

"'I call that dangerous which is likely to be hissed.'

"'I never had any pretension not to be hissed.'

"'Yes; but it is well to be hissed as little as possible.'

"'And do you think they will hiss the hemistiche of the *lion?*'

"'I am sure of it.'

"'Then, madame, it will be because you do not recite it with your habitual talent.'

"'I will speak it as well as I can—and yet I would prefer ——'

"'What?'

"'To say something else.'

"'What?'

"'Well, some other words.'

"'What?'

"'To say—' and Mademoiselle Mars pretended to be seeking the word which, for three days, she had been grinding between her teeth—'to say, for instance, hen—hen—hen—You are, my lord, most generous and brave! Does not *my lord* complete the line metrically, the same as *my lion?*'

"'Yes, madame; but, then, *my lion* strengthens the line, and *my lord* weakens it. I would rather be hissed for a good line than applauded for a bad one.'

"'Very well, very well. We shall not quarrel about it. Your *good line* will be spoken without any change. Come, Firmin, my friend, let us proceed: "*You are my lion, generous and brave.*"'

"These petty vexations became from day to day more lively. However indifferent M. Hugo might be to such impertinence, there came a time when his dignity could no longer tolerate it. At the close of one of the rehearsals, he said to Mademoiselle Mars that he wished to speak with her. They went to the greenroom.

"'Madame,' said M. Victor Hugo, 'I must request you to surrender your part.'

"Mademoiselle Mars turned pale. It was the first time in her life that a part had been taken away from her. She had always until then been entreated to accept them, and it was she who refused. She felt the loss of prestige that might result from such an occurrence. She acknowledged the fault, and promised never to repeat the offense.

"And, in fact, she thereafter refrained from impertinence, but assumed a chilling reserve. She protested by her glacial attitude. Her example imparted coldness to the other members of the company. With the exception of M. Joanny, who remained sympathetic—at least in appearance—the author found himself from day to day becoming more isolated. Moreover, there was being created an opposition outside the theatre which reacted upon those within."

The authors, tragic and comic, regarded with uneasiness this newcomer, who threatened their doctrines and their interests. They would hang around the doors of the theatre, catch here and there a line, which they would misquote, describe scenes in caricature, and provoke laughter in advance at the expense of the new play. An author of the Theatre Francais was discovered hiding in the dark behind the scenes at one of the rehearsals. A dramatist who was an Academician, and who, in his capacity of censor, had read the piece, was one of the most active of its enemies. The public press were generally hostile. The ministerial journals regarded M. Hugo as a deserter since his "Ode a la Colonne," and would not forgive him his refusal of a pension. The sheets that were liberal in politics were edited, in their literary departments, by rival—and consequently unfriendly—authors. *The Constitutionnel* especially, which a few weeks previously had praised the incorruptibility of the man, was the most violent adversary of the poet. At one of the theatres they went so far as to burlesque the play in advance of its representations. In a review of the plays of the year, the Vaudeville paraded the scene of the portraits. Don Ruy Gomez was represented as an exhibitor of bears.

Another cause of anxiety arose. The manuscript, which had been sent to the censors, was not returned. M. Victor Hugo applied personally to the Commissioners, and was told that the piece had been authorized fifteen days before, and that it was the minister who retained it. The latter finally sent the manuscript to the theatre "with notes of certain changes that had been judged necessary." Those changes would have impaired the principal scenes. The author resisted, and ultimately gained his point. The following is a letter in which these words were restored to him:

Monsieur, it is agreeable to me to announce that His Excellency consents to the re-establishment of certain suppressed passages in "Hernani." You are, therefore, authorized to retain in the used manuscript the following words addressed to Don Carlos: "*Onward, insensate, wicked King.*"

Receive, etc.,

The Master of Requetes, Chief of the Bureau of Theatres, TROUVE.

But the Minister would not consent to the line: "Think you, forsooth, that Kings to me are sacred?" and Hernani was compelled to say: "Think you that there be names by me held sacred?"

The Winter of 1829 to 1830 was one of almost unprecedented severity. From the 20th of December to the close of February, the Seine was frozen over. M. Hugo went to the theatre in slippers of felt to escape breaking his limbs while crossing the bridges. A foot-stove was brought to him. The actors shivered, the voices froze on their lips, and they hurried through their scenes to go and warm themselves in the greenroom. This did not expedite the work, and the enemy had time to organize.

At last the play was ready for representation. Assailed as it would undoubtedly be, it required an energetic defense. The claquer of the theatre had for too long a time applauded M. Casimir Delavigne to not admire him, and he would be but a sorry champion of the insurrection against the repertory that had enriched him. The royal Commissaire proposed the claqueur of the Gymnase, who was under personal obligations to him, and for whom he thought he could answer. It is true that he had applauded M. Scribe.

"Choose," said the Commissaire.

"I choose nobody."

"What! will there be no claque?"

"There will be no claque."

When this fact was reported throughout the theatre, everyone asked M. Hugo if he was crazy. No play could dispense with the claque; his play was more menaced than any other; if it were not stoutly sustained, it would not go on to the end. He replied that, in the first place, paid applause was repugnant to him; that, moreover, the defenders of the old school could not be ardent in defense of an opposite school; that for a new style there must be a new public; that his public must resemble his drama; that, favoring free art, he wished a free audience, and he would invite the young men, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, printers, etc. He was unanimously adjudged to be in the wrong, and they did what they could to induce him to abandon his purpose; but he persisted, and they yielded, leaving him to shoulder the responsibility of the performance.

Public curiosity was intensely excited, and the demand for seats was enormous. At every instant the author received letters from distinguished personages, of which we cite the following as a sample:

MONSIEUR: I have made vain efforts to secure a box for the first representation of "Hernani." They tell me, monsieur, that you will have the goodness to procure me one. I would be much obliged to you if you could do so, and I give you my thanks in advance. I would like, if possible, a box with six places, and of the lower tiers.

Receive, etc., A. THIERS.

13 *February*, 1830.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NEW GAME.

A man went into a restaurant in Virginia City, and, mounting a high stool, leaned over the counter and ordered a porterhouse steak, with eggs on the side, and some ale and oysters to begin on. In about half an hour he had finished his repast, and was beginning to deliberate what kind of dessert he would wind up on, when a man walked in, and, tapping him on the shoulder, remarked:

"Is your name Billy Hicks?"

"Yes, that's my name," said the man on the stool, as the hand stole down to his hip-pocket, fumbling for the handle of a barker; "what do you want?"

"We had a little trouble once before in White Pine, and now I guess I've got you dead to rights," continued the newcomer, pulling out a large-sized six-shooter.

"If you'll just step into the street and pace off your distance, I'm your man," said the feeder, who had just finished his pie, and, whipping out a revolver, he sprang off his perch and rushed after the other into the street.

The frightened restaurant-man got down behind the counter, and bent his ear to listen to the shots and the rush of the mob; but he didn't hear anything unusual, and in about five minutes he recollected that there was $2.50 owing on the meal. Then he went out on the sidewalk to investigate.

"Was there a row out there a few minutes ago?" he inquired of a star-gazer on the sidewalk.

"Didn't see any. I've been here for the last half hour or so."

"See two fellows with ulsters and revolvers come out?"

"Yes, they was talkin' about swappin' guns, and the're over across the way now, takin' a drink."

The restaurant man went back to clear up the dirty dishes and reflect on his damphoolishness.

A GIANT.—Benjamin Daniels was born and lived all his life as a farmer at Scrabby, Esq., on the coast, about six miles north of Yarmouth, and five miles from Somerton, the birth and resting place of Roert Hales the Norfolk giant. He died on March 6, and was buried in the adjoining village—Ormesby St. Margaret—the funeral being witnessed by a large concourse. His age was 54; height, 6ft. 6in.; weight, 336lb; width from shoulder to shoulder across the back, 30in.; symmetry grand, strength great, frequently loading his own wagon with corn by carrying four bushels of wheat under each arm at one time, and he has brought wreckage off the beach which had foiled three men. When in great haste to have his farmwork done, horses being much engaged, he has been seen harnessed to one of his harrows and cultivating the land. He has left a widow, but no family. He was an exceedingly good-natured man.

TERRIBLE DECEPTION.—A favorite magpie had been accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it perched, as usual, upon her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it proved, to receive, but (as one good turn deserves another) the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

"LILY MELVILLE."—Miss Lucas drew from her pocket a handbill, which she opened and displayed. Clarence Clifford read it. Miss Lucas watched him closely. He laid down the bill and stared at it. "Who believes this?" said he, pointing a finger at the abominable thing.

TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

Awake, dear sleepers, from your wintry tombs:
The sun has turned the boast of Capricorn,
And 'gins to pluck from Winter's wings the plumes
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come to your homes, forlorn
In absence of your colors and your blooms,
Like Rachel, weeps for you the reaved morn,
As often as she views your empty places,
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your embraces.

Come, pensile snowdrop, like the earliest star
That twinkles on the brow of dusky Night;
Come, like the child that peeps from door ajar,
With pallid cheek, upon a wasteful sight;
And ere those tender tints rise when all around is white,
The more thou'lt demonstrate the power of God
To shield the weak against the arms of might,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And making hearts humble that would else full forbode.

Come, crocus-cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year—
Come and illume our green, as similes
Light up the poet's song. And O you dear
March violets! come near, come breathing near!
You, too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations, clear;
And, cowslips, dashing, throng in multitudes,
And whiten hills and meadows with your saintly hoods.

Come with thy lillies, May; thy roses, June;
Come with your richer hues, Autumnal hours;
Oh, tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your every change, your every charm adorn,
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bowers,
Nor e'en to scorn the bindweed's flossy gold,
Nor foxglove's dashing, showy bells of flowers,
Nor solitary heath, that cheers the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.—BURNS.

Days wore on. The confidence which Clarence Clifford had proposed to win Mr. Walker soon gave him. The latter was too shrewd a man of business to remain in ignorance of the fact that a lucky by-chance had bestowed on him a good and valuable servant. No longer was the young man chained to the desk in the gas-lit office. Interviews of moment with men of manners were handed over to him, and Mr. Walker had reason to congratulate himself upon the business tact and gentlemanly bearing of his secretary.

Clarence Clifford had learned two things from adversity. First, to keep his countenance. Second, to remember that, if speech was silver, silence was golden. Business men, fashionable butterflies, found that no tactics, however wily, could discompose Mr. Walker's grave, sedate secretary, and that, gabble they as fast as geese on a common, no result in the way of injudicious chatter could be cajoled from him. So he prospered. Negotiation after negotiation was brought to a successful conclusion by him, and Mr. Walker grew elated—because he grew rich. Yet his young genius puzzled him. He had raised his salary to four times the amount first agreed on, and furthermore had granted him a commission upon all successful transactions. All work and no profit makes a man dull and uninteresting.

"There's a rise, and there's a commission—what are you going to do with it?"

Mr. Clifford's undisguised look of interrogation did not displease him.

"Are you going the pace, or what?" he asked. "You're a well-to-do man now, you know. What's your line, sir?"

The young man hesitated, and looked down.

"All right," said Mr. Walker, understanding the look. "No, not a patent pump nor a small-bore. Ask no questions and you'll get no falsehoods."

And with that trite proverb he sauntered out. Evidently Mr. Clifford was not "going the pace." He retained his jaunty, lithe and lissom figure and frugally as before, and was not one whit less attentive to his duties. Strange to say, Mr. Walker was rather disappointed. There was one fault he had to find with his clerk, and that, though a small one, worried him. Mr. Clarence Clifford was too close and too grave.

"A fine specimen of the oyster," muttered the employer. "Shows everything and says nothing. Besides," he mused, nodding sagaciously at the muffins during whose reign he was cogitating—"besides, he isn't happy. Now, most men who are unhappy are idiots. But Mr. Clifford isn't an idiot. Oh, no—oh, dear no! I have heard of an oyster in love; perhaps mine is. It is in a safety-case, and as miserable as a heart as a dog with one saucepan too many at his tail. I know he is, though he smiles whenever he's called on for it, and once I heard him nearly laugh. I won-der what the de-uce it is."

Mr. Walker wondered still more when, on entering the office the next morning, he found his clerk sitting at the desk with his head in his hands and two unmistakable tears upon the letter open before him.

"Ahem!" coughed the employer.

And Mr. Clifford, who had not heard him enter, looked up with a start, evidently of embarrassment.

"Morning," saluted Mr. Walker, sidling up to the desk. "How do the letters go? Hullo!" pretending to notice his clerk's embarrassment for the first time. "What's the matter—bad news?"

"No, no, I thank you," said Mr. Clifford, hastily taking up the letter. "A slight headache."

"Hem," thought Mr. Walker. "You've had it a deuce of a long time." Then aloud: "Shut up for to-day; I'll answer these. Get home and try a cup of tea with a muffin or two."

But Mr. Clifford would not agree to this, begged leave to disobey the command, and, having got rid of his embarrassment and put on his usual gravity and reserve, handed the letter with the two blots upon it for his employer's perusal and consideration.

"What do you say, sir? Shall she have the money?"

Mr. Walker read it hastily.

"Oh, yes; this Miss What's-her-name is all right, and she's a lady."

Mr. Clifford held out his hand for the letter, but Mr. Walker kept it a moment. Was there anything in that to upset his clerk? He could find nothing, nor would he have discovered the slight thing that had touched the chord in the young breast if he had learnt the letter by rote and examined it with a microscope; but it was a simple thing enough—it is always the simple things that move us. The woman's Christian name was Lily. Coming upon it suddenly, at the bottom of the plain, matter-of-fact, business letter, the tiny word had opened such a floodgate of memories that the tide had swept his composure away, and left him wavering over the pale letter like a broken-hearted child. But it was past now, and he was ready to take his master's instructions for the day.

"I've got a case on the docks," said Mr. Walker, finding that nothing was to be gained by worrying his clerk to go home and rest. "A man wants me to buy a cargo of tobacco notions. He's a gentleman, I'm told. Write the letter, or else I'd tackle him myself. You go down, however, and open up, and say you'll send a valuer to-morrow."

"I understand," said Mr. Clifford.

And, getting the name of the ship and its owner, he took his hat and started. Mr. Walker called him back.

"Take a cab," said he.

But Mr. Clifford declined respectfully.

"Ah," said the Yankee, "what a man you'd have made if nature had only given you a slice of obstinacy."

The grave clerk smiled at this, but went on his way, walking notwithstanding. All the way to the docks his heart kept repeating: "Lily, Lily."

It was unfortunate thing, that letter; for, although Mr. Clarence Clifford's love had never died out or abated one jot, he had by dint of hard striving managed to keep it down far away at the bottom of his life, with a daily conscientious load of business at the top of it. But this chance meeting with the name had fired the spark, and up came the fatal flame, breaking through the mountain, a blazing, roaring volcano.

He had reached the docks and found the ship before the fire had abated, and then it was only by sheer force of will that he had managed to drag himself from the past and remember that the present consisted of an interview concerning Yankee notions. He saw the owner of the cargo, listened to the description of it, noted the asserted value, and said as little as usual.

"We will value the cargo, sir, to-morrow, and the money shall be forthcoming if the goods are worth it."

"Thank you," said the captain. "Would you like to see the ship?"

"No, thank you," said the man of business, with no time for the gratification of idle curiosity. "The valuer will see it to-morrow. Good-morning."

But he saw the ship, after all; for the captain having taken a liking to the grave and courteous gentleman, insisted upon his coming on board to take a glass of sherry.

"I don't drink wine," said Clarence Clifford with a shade of weariness. "But I'll see your ship, sir, with pleasure."

The captain led the way. A crowd was collected on the quay, and the captain, who pushed his way through it with broad shoulders and a sharp tongue, explained it:

"Passenger-ship just in; clearing her off."

Clarence Clifford nodded.

A hundred passenger-ships had no interest for him that morning; and, anxious to get the visit of courtesy over, he followed the captain up the ship's side. After inspecting the appointments and paying the usual compliments, he returned to the deck, and stood, one foot upon the bulwark, stolidly listening to the sailor's account of the voyage, but in reality far away, and gazing moodily at the thick water of the dock and upon the forest of masts. As he stood thus, one foot on the bulwark, his head raised, and his hands and face turned to the clear morning light, he was a conspicuous object to the crowd below. Several glanced up at the stalwart, graceful figure, but they were only hurried, passing glances. Suddenly a tall figure stepped from the gangway of the passenger-ship and entered the crowd, which instinctively made way for his commanding presence—commanding and handsome, a foreigner probably, an Englishman tanned by hotter climes possibly, at all events he was a handsome man, with dark eyes that flashed from the sallow face, rendered clear and mellow-looking by the heavy moustache and the setting of long brown hair that fell in half-formed curls upon the deep collar of his coat. A strange, remarkable face it was, without a parallel, unlike anything one had seen before—especially unlike Melchior, the Chevalier De Morni, or Dr. Ambrose. Looking round him with inquiring and still commanding eyes, the majestic passenger nods with gracious condescension to the numerous respectful salutes from the crowd of fellow-passengers, and turns to give some instruction to the men bearing his luggage. As he does so his dark eyes fall upon the moody figure upon the bulwark of the merchantman, and the small valise drops from his hand, accompanied by an exclamation from his lips. The men stare, the crowd buzz curiously. What ails the gentleman?

"Nothing! twisted my ankle!" he explains, with a smile that shows his shining teeth, and the crowd, satisfied, returns to its squalling with the porters and dockmen.

"This way, to a cab!" says the gentleman, wrapping his comfortable cloak around him and setting his traveling-cap farther over his forehead.

A cab is found; the luggage is on the top, but the traveler does not enter.

"Wait by the wall there," he commands, pointing to the dock-wall. "I have a little business."

The cabman touches his battered hat, obeys, and the fare strolls back to the crowd. In its midst, and shielded by its swaying to and fro and confusion, he watched the motionless figure upon the deck of the merchantman. Presently, as if awakened from his reverie, the young man descended the ship's side by its rope-ladder, followed by the captain. The watchful, restless eyes noted the agile grace with which the youthful figure swung down the ladder and drew back a little as he and the captain ascended the quay and stood talking. They shook hands presently, and the young man walked quietly away, the captain looking after him with honest admiration and a shake of the head.

"Spoilt as a land-lubber," he growled. "Wants a deck o' man-o'-war to bring him out."

"You think so?" said the traveler, who had stepped up in a noiseless sort of fashion behind him.

"Eh? Oh, beg pardon! Yes, I was looking after that landsman. Tight-built schooner, eh?"

"Very!" assented the traveler, who, even while speaking, had not taken his eyes off the departing Clarence until he had got out of sight. "Very! as well built and trimmed a young fellow as I ever saw!"

"You're right, sir," said the captain cordially. "Just come off the 'Nancy Bray'?"

"Yes," said the traveler, "and feeling my landlegs before I go any farther. You are master of that merchantman?"

"Yes," said the captain—"yes, for the last time. Ship and cargo to be sold."

"Indeed!" said the traveler quickly. "Pardon me, was that young fellow the likely purchaser?"

"No, not exactly," said the captain; adding, after the open-hearted, wide-mouthed manner of a sailor: "Leastways, nothing is settled. He may buy the cargo, and he may not."

"Oh, a shipbroker, eh?" asked the traveler; then, observing that the captain looked at him curiously askance, added: "But pardon me, that is your business. I felt interested in the ship. She is a good one, as nicely built as I have seen—corresponds with the young man."

"Oh, no offense," said the captain heartily. "No, he's not a shipbroker—a sort of partner, I believe, to a man who does business on the quay."

"An agent?" asked the traveler, no nearer the mark than before—the mark being to learn where and what the youthful stranger was.

"Yes, something of the sort."

"Ah, just the man I was looking for," said the traveler. "I have some business that requires an agent, and that young fellow has taken my fancy. What is his name?"

The captain turned to answer, then broke off.

"I was going to say I didn't know," he said, "but here's the owner. He'll know, for I found him talking to the gent."

"His name?" repeated the owner, when the question had been put to him, and eyeing the well-dressed traveler, who had lifted his hat with the air of a king. "I—stop, here is his card: Jeremiah Walker, 2 Little Broadway."

The traveler's face lit up with an expression of delight.

"Thanks," he said; "I am your debtor, gentlemen. I fear the young man resides too far off for me to enjoy his services. Gentlemen, I wish you good-day," and with another courtly bow the Prince—they decided that he was at least that—strode off to his cab and was rolled away.

Meanwhile Clarence Clifford had returned to the office, answered all letters, and gone wearily home. I say wearily, but I mean with that dead weightiness at the heart which is more wearying to bear than ten pair of tired legs and two aching heads. It was a solitary life he led, and he had never felt its solitude and lack of love so much before. Over his tea—he did not share his master's likings for buttered muffins—he sat thinking of what had happened at Rivershall. Had they forgiven, had they forgotten, him? What did the pure young girl, the high-born heiress of Rivershall, think of him—him, the outcast servant, branded with the mark of shame by her father's hand? Oh, they were bitter thoughts, and they embittered the young life as a canker-worm eats the heart of a strong plant. But he was a strong man, and he prayed with that anguished fervency that colors few prayers that he might carry a brave heart and live it down—live it down, a sad, dreary prospect of life—live it down. The next day he was looking pale, but, as Mr. Walker phrased it, as obstinate as a striped 'possum.

Mr. Walker went down to view the cargo at the docks, and Clarence Clifford was left alone. Not to brood, however; there were more letters than usual, and the day would be a busy one. He stuck to his desk and answered; the dinner-hour came and passed, and he wrote on. He was unconscious of the time, for nature's clock, his stomach, had stopped. The hands, his appetite, were pointing nowhere. He felt no need of food, and he would not stop for it. Just, however, as he was about to close the office-door and trudge home, a lady alighted from a cab, and, walking swiftly across the pavement, touched him on the arm. He turned sharply—men who have suffered much at the world's hands are sensitive to a sudden touch—and gazed upon her with his dark eyes. The lady was closely veiled, and did not speak. She merely pointed to the office-door and walked to it.

Mr. Clifford, with a strange feeling at his heart, though he concluded it to be merely one of Mr. Walker's clients, unlocked the door, lit the gas, and set a chair for the visitor, who had discharged the cabman and followed him in.

"May I have the honor, madam, of inquiring your business?" he asked in his low, grave voice.

"Mr. Clifford," returned the visitor, raising her veil.

Clarence Clifford started, and his hand grasped the desk beside which he was standing.

"Miss Lucas!" he replied after a moment's silence.

"Yes, it is I!" she said, looking at him pitifully, but with wonderful steadfastness. "You are surprised to see me?"

"I am," he said simply.

"You are angry too?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"That depends. Do you mean me ill or well, Miss Lucas?" he asked.

She clasped her hands with fine effect.

"Heaven bear me witness, well!" she replied with fervor.

A man of few words, as usual, he inclined his head. Miss Lucas took the hint and explained.

"Mr. Clifford," she said, "I am aware that I may be running against etiquette—nay, even propriety—in thus visiting you. But I cannot help it. My heart has blamed me every day since that I have kept from finding you and saving you."

"Saving me," he repeated, "from what?"

She sighed.

"From cruel injustice. Listen, sir. Since your departure—shall I say your most insulting dismissal?"—she noticed that he winced under the word, and repeated it—"Sir Ralph's anger has been more bitter and implacable. He swore to track you and deliver you to justice. A magistrate's warrant is out for your apprehension, and the police are making diligent search."

His face paled and his eyes flashed. It was some moments before he could trust himself to speak. Then, in a constrained voice, he repeated:

"Warrant! police! Madam, if you have any pity, explain! Of what do they accuse me?"

"Of theft! petty, disgraceful theft!" replied Miss Lucas.

"Theft!" he repeated, a grim smile rendering the set face still harder—"theft of what?"

"Oh, it is shameful!" said Miss Lucas, "but hate makes men mad. They believe that you robbed Miss Melville of her diamond ring!"

Clarence Clifford laughed—actually laughed.

"Go on, madam," he said, his teeth tightly shut and a bitter scorn in his eyes.

"You doubt me!" said Miss Lucas. "I am not surprised; I was prepared for it," and as she spoke she drew from her pocket a handbill, which she opened and displayed.

It was a common police reward-bill, offering twenty pounds reward to any person who should give information leading to the arrest of Clarence Clifford, charged with the robbery of a diamond ring from the person of Miss Melville of Rivershall, etc., with a long and accurate description of the criminal's appearance. Clarence Clifford read it as one reads absurd things that appear and disappear in dreams. Miss Lucas watched him closely the while. He laid down the bill, and stared at it.

"Who believes this?" said he, pointing an accusing finger at the abominable thing.

"Alas!" said she, "everyone."

"Does—does" he faltered, but with a mighty effort he got it out—"does Miss Melville believe that I am the thief—that I stole her ring?"

"She does," said Miss Lucas. "It is cruel, sir, to tell you so, but it were more cruel to keep you in suspense. At first she pledged herself for your innocence, laughed the accusation to scorn; but the facts, sir, the facts!"

"What facts?" demanded Clarence Clifford in the same hard voice.

Miss Lucas put up her little hand and told them off:

"First, the ring was on her finger the day you stopped her horse. Second, it had disappeared after your conversation with her—in fact, after you had helped her from her horse. Third, it was pledged at a pawnbroker's the night of your dismissal by an individual answering in every particular to yourself. Fourth, it was known that you had no money, for you had left your wages upon the hall-floor. Fifth, without money you could not have escaped the police. Sixth, you have not offered any explanation of your conduct, and, most conclusive of everyone, you have not claimed the bundle of clothes and other property left by you at the hall."

Clarence Clifford fixed his dark eyes upon the cold gray ones of his tormentor with a dull stare, and put his hand to his head.

"Enough, enough. And she—she thinks me a thief and a scoundrel! Oh, shame, shame!"

"Shame, indeed!" repeated Miss Lucas, eyeing with affectation of pity the anguish of the broken-hearted man—"shame, indeed! Ah, Mr. Clifford, these mighty souls are meaner than the brutes when they stoop to injustice and cruelty to those who eat their bread. Be brave, sir, be brave."

He recovered himself with a struggle, and confronted her, calm, and proud.

"Thank you, madam," he said in slow, set words. "I know not to whom I owe this kindness."

"Nay, you have been kind to me," said Miss Lucas with a sigh; "and are we not similarly placed, sir? We were both dependents—I am one still. We have both been slighted, though in a less degree. I should be ungrateful to my order if I were to let you get into their clutches unwarned, unprepared."

He inclined his head and held out his hand.

"Had I any feeling, madam—had I any room in my heart for any—it would be that of gratitude to you! But—but—oh! a thief—shame, shame!"

He groaned for a few moments, then raised his head again.

"And she?" he asked. "Tell me, is she well, happy?"

"Not very well," replied Miss Lucas, "but happy, it is to be presumed, for a bride-elect should be happy."

"A bride!" He breathed harder than ever. "Whose bride, madam?"

"Mr. Besant's," replied Miss Lucas. "He proposed for her before you were turned from the house. He is at the hall every day, and I believe the lawyers are at work upon the marriage-settlement."

She rose as she spoke, and, looking keenly at the dreadful effect of her words, held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Clifford; I dare not stay longer. You have not asked me how I found you. I saw you in the city and followed you here. It was too late to speak to you then—it is almost too late now—but I do not regret my trouble or the lateness of the hour, if I have been of service to you."

He held her hand in his cold one, and grasped it, staring at her vacantly.

"Good-bye," she said again, thinking with a fine contempt that the weak idiot had gone out of his mind. "And be warned. Shun Rivershall as you would the plague. Rivershall to you spells the felon's dock and the felon's shame."

She had gone, and he looked vacantly around. The room swam round him. There were twenty gas-lights—twenty dingy office-stools.

"Theft! Steal her ring like a footpad. And she believed it! O Heaven! how hard the world is, how hard she is! Theft, a felon's shame! Oh, cruel, cruel!"

He rose to go, but the mind fails sometimes, like the body. The room seemed closing in around him. He put out his hands to keep the walls away, and, with a groan of misery, fell all of a heap, with the fallen stool on top of him, and a file, shaken from its place by his fall, lying across his chest. He might have lain there either until Mr. Walker came in the morning or until the fit left him, but one of those chances which seem to be ever floating about the atmosphere of circumstances to fill up gaps in non-fitting events happened to save him. Miss Lucas had closed the door insecurely. The wind blew it open at the very moment that a shrewd, business-like-looking man in black stopped and stared at the office.

"No. 2," he muttered, scratching his chin with a black glove two sizes too large for him, and too seedy for anyone but a lawyer. "This is the house, but all gone, of course. Might have guessed. Stupid nonsense to come down at all; but instructions are instructions, whatever the hour, and here I am. Hullo! shutters up, but gas is burning. Some young scamp left it; hope it'll burn down; them who leave property to errand-boys' carelessness ought to suffer. Ahem! here's the door open. Somebody there."

He walked up and peered in, very much as the raven peers into the dog-kennel in the popular picture.

"No one here. Ah, policeman's the best thing for this job. Better see, though, if the place really is empty," and he knocked.

No answer came, and, peering a little more closely, he emitted a warning cough and entered. Having passed the inner door, the logic of the affair led him to the hall-bank. There was someone there, and that someone was lying—drunk—in close amity with the office-stool on the floor.

"Scandalous!" said the visitor, and he stooped down and shook the limp figure with true legal energy. "Come, young fellow, aint you ashamed of yourself? Come, get up; don't lie there like a pig. Tosspe broken-down stool, and the governor'll break your head, for a certainty. Here's the fire down, too. Come, young sir, come."

But, the "young sir" remaining obstinately nerveless and horizontal, the lawyer su

IN SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Over the land is a sound of singing,
Flowers are growing beneath the snow,
Down in the meadows the grass is springing,
Bluebirds twitter, and March winds blow;
Wood-flowers open; the crocus, peeping,
Turns its face in a sweet surprise;
Wakened up from their Winter-sleeping,
Timid violets open their eyes.

Tinkle, tinkle, beneath the grasses,
Murmurous lullaby of the stream.
"Chee! chee! chee!" the robin passes,
Lights and shadows darken and gleam.
All the happiness of the wildwood,
All the music that greets the Spring,
All the laughter of careless childhood,
Brooklets ripple and wild-birds sing.

"Johnny-jump-ups,"* or purple pansies,
Fern-leaves nodding their weary plumes,
Wood-arbutus and fragrant lansies
Hide in their sweet perfumes.
Soon in the woods the ringdove's cooing,
Calling his mate throughout the hours,
Lowly, sweetly, shall speed his wooing,
Watched and wondered at by the flowers.

Listl Can you hear the flowers a-growing?
Hear the steps of their velvet feet?
Tangled meadows will soon need mowing
Where they blossom—so sweet! so sweet!
O my heart! if His care so keepeth
Humble grasses and lowly flowers,
Safely guarding the life which sleepeth,
How much more shall that care be ours!

*Pennsylvanian for pansies.

[THE tragic fate of a young and pretty quadroon in this city, on the night of April 4 last, recalls the sad end of Helen Jewett, who at some unknown moment between Saturday night, April 9, 1836, and Sunday morning, April 10, was murdered in a *maison de joie*. The house was No. 41 Thomas street, and in the very room in which she was butchered there was a kindred tragedy twenty-one years later, a colored man on Sept. 21, 1857, causing the death of his white paramour. Last week's horror at No. 110 West Twenty-seventh street came very near celebrating the forty-first anniversary of the Jewett murder. An alleged utter stranger called on Wednesday night at the house in Twenty-seventh street, and from among several inmates his apparent erotic fancy singled out Lucy J. Freeman the quadroon. Soon stamping of feet and agonizing screams were heard, and Lucy, all ablaze, rushed from her room, down the stairs, out upon the street, and into the breezy night-air that fanned the blaze into a column of flame. She died at Bellevue Hospital on the following day, not having been conscious long enough to more than say, as has been reported: *"He did it!* I cannot live through this." Whether "he did it" at all, or did it accidentally through the lighting of a cigar, or in a moment of sudden passion, or in pursuance of a deliberate purpose that would refute the theory of his being an utter stranger, may never be known. The same horror-feeding daily journals that on Wednesday night and Thursday morning could devote columns to the tragedy had not a line for it on Thursday night or Friday morning. The "sensation of the hour" seemed suddenly to have evaporated at the grave of the hapless quadroon. Perhaps, like many another crime of which an "unfortunate" has been the victim, this affair is to be "hushed up," for the same reason that, as "Gothamite" and other old New-Yorkers think, the Helen Jewett murder was glossed over.—ED. CLIPPER.]

THE HELEN JEWETT MURDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A GOTHAMITE.

A protracted litigation in Chicago, touching the title to some three hundred and twenty acres of land in the environs of that city, has again revived interest in a crime well remembered by the passing generation as having been, through legal ingenuity, rendered one of the most singular mysteries of our criminal annals. Forty-one years have elapsed since the occurrence of the murder of Helen Jewett, and the arraignment of her supposed murderer. Still, instead of the memory of that dark and brutal deed passing gradually into oblivion, remembrance of the assassination has been unanimated alive, undoubtedly for some wise Providential purpose, in bold relief before a thinking public, while the actors in that tragic drama, their friends and relatives, the counsel and witnesses in the case, and even the jurors upon whose breath hung suspended the life of the "Innocent Boy," have all crossed the Valley of Death; and probably of the dense crowds thronging the courthouse, earnest auditors at the most remarkable of modern trials, not twoscore survive to comment upon the extraordinary evidence adduced in favor of the prisoner then at the bar.

Notwithstanding the prima facie, flagrant, Richard Parmlee Robinson, the alleged murderer of the beautiful courtesan, wandered around the country for a time, seemingly with the brand of Cain set upon him. He, in the first instance, attempted to settle in Philadelphia, under an assumed name; but his features, rendered familiar through the numerous lithographic prints published during the all-pervading excitement of the hour, were too marked for him to avoid ready recognition, and, consequently, he wended his way towards the sparsely settled West, and assumed a residence in the then insignificant city of Chicago. There the fugitive purchased property at present in dispute. Nevertheless, the story of the murder followed him, and Robinson, haunted by an avenging spectre, fled to Texas, then recently emancipated from Mexican rule, and created into a paradise for outlaws and adventurers. Settling near Marshall, the fugitive gave his name Parmlee put his early commercial training to a good use, married, led an industrious existence, and became a Government contractor; and, twenty years ago, he suddenly died at St. Louis, while on his way to collect a claim against the national authorities at Washington. His widow married Judge William B. Ochiltree, a prominent Texan, who deceased in 1866. While in her second widowhood the lady and her daughter commenced a suit for the recovery of the Chicago property against persons holding title under foreclosure of a mortgage. The widow and child lost their case; but, during its continuance, other parties put in a claim to the lands under an absolute conveyance from Robinson. The defendants in this last suit, having secured the indictment of the claimants, the almost obsolete murder scandal is revived through endeavors of the plaintiffs to establish their innocence and the authenticity of Robinson's signature.

It was in the year 1836 that the body of Helen Jewett was discovered, towards noon, lying lifeless on a bed within the room occupied by her in a house of ill-fame located in Thomas street, near Hudson, this city, then the main artery leading to St. John's square, a most respectable and fashionable quarter of the town. The woman had been the victim of a murderous assault; her brain was cleft asunder by blows from a sharp-edged weapon; the pillows sustaining her head and her long flowing locks, of a peculiar golden hue, were saturated with blood, while her night-garments were unstained and not disordered, and a smile appeared to linger upon the truly handsome features of the deceased. No signs of a death-struggle could be discerned, and the rich furniture of the elaborately ornamented chamber was undisturbed. On a marble-topped centre-table lay albums, annuals, scrap-books and illustrated periodicals, arranged with scrupulous care. Even a romance, evidently perused up to the moment of retirement for the night, lay open at a page concluding a chapter. The mansion in which Miss Jewett boarded was a spacious double one, and up to the period of its occupation by her landlady, Rosina Townsend, was the residence of an ex-judicial dignitary. It was surrounded on all sides by private residences; and so vigilant and so exacting had been the precautions taken by the new proprietress with respect to the quality and demeanor of her visitors, that few even among her immediate neighbors suspected the character of her establishment before the occurrence of this tragedy.

The instant that intelligence of this "murder most foul" became generally disseminated, the good folks of Gotham were thrown into a state of excitement unparalleled by any produced by previous or succeeding criminal occurrences, not even excepting the all-pervading sensation of years before attending the murder of Miss Sands, still warm in the memory of the older inhabitants. This excessive excitation was possibly due to the recent foundation of the penny press, as the rival sheets then in competitive enterprise endeavored to outvie each other in flooding the community with sensational reports and graphic descriptions of the catastrophe and its surroundings. *The Sun*, *The Dispatch* and *The Herald* issued hourly extras, sold by spontaneous newsboys, bellowing and crying their coveted wares at every corner of the streets, while *The Transcript*, *The Signal* and *The Tattler* toiled into the late hours of the night to anticipate their morning contemporaries in a supply of "latest intelligence." For an entire week all New York went crazy over the death of a courtesan.

For the moment the authorities and the police were at fault, as they could discover no motive for the murder of a poor and friendless outcast, slain during tranquil slumber by one evidently acquainted with her personal habits and with the interior of her domicile. The finger of suspicion at last pointed to three young men, merchants' clerks, known to be her casual visitors, but never recognized as intimate friends. The discovery of a hatchet and a cloak in a rear yard—whence an alley-way led to Hudson street—undoubtedly dropped by the girl's murderer in the hurry of escape, ultimately led to the indictment and trial of Richard P. Robinson, as an implement of that description had been used for unpacking boxes in his uncle's store, where he was employed, and the garment strikingly resembled one it was his habit to wear.

The general excitement augmented rather than decreased as the day for Robinson's trial approached, inasmuch as a political complexion had been bestowed upon the case in consequence of the mercantile and social influence of the young man's relatives, prominent among whom stood Joseph Hoxie, a worthy merchant, a leader of the Whig party, and once Collector of the Port. The innocence of the prisoner was warmly asserted by the Wall-street journals representing the patrician instincts, and as vigorously assailed by *The Herald*, regarding a conviction as tantamount to a triumph of the penny press, then struggling for an actual existence. Ogden Hoffman, the most eloquent orator at the New York bar, conducted the defense with more than his accustomed enthusiasm, while lawyers complained that the prosecution neglected pressing its vital point—identification of the hatchet and cloak as the property of the prisoner. But the crowning evidence in Robinson's favor was given by a man named Furlong, keeper of a grocery-store in the lower part of Nassau street, who testified as to his presence in the establishment during those hours in the evening preceding the murder, at which other witnesses testified to have seen him. Consequently, despite a formidable chain of circumstantial evidence, and to the utter surprise of the general public, the *alibi* was accepted by the jurors as proven, and Richard P. Robinson stalked from the prisoner's box an unconvicted man, but still in the opinion of many persons, with the blood of Helen Jewett upon his hands.

The alleged motive prompting Robinson to the premeditated murder of the young woman was jealousy, amounting almost to insanity. The prosecution persistently neglected inquiries into the precedents of the fascinating courtesan assuming the name of Jewett but a short while previous to her death, having made her appearance among the Aspasias of the town under the cognomen of Helen Mar, the appellation of a fictitious heroine in Miss Porter's popular romance of "The Scottish Chiefs." Young, handsome, educated, refined and intellectual, Helen Mar boasted ardent admirers besides Robinson; and when she assumed the name of an avowed and preferred lover, his pride revolted, and anger took possession of his soul. Still, no pains were taken to hunt up Jewett, an actual being, a poor mechanic, who, supported by an outcast's bounty, hesitated to obtrude into unpleasant notoriety. Had the tongue of this man been loosened by the mandate of the law, it is thought he would have told the secret of the crime; but he disappeared prior to the trial, and shortly afterwards died in a foreign land, about the same time that Furlong, inventor of the "Innocent Boy's" *alibi*, committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea while voyaging to the West Indies.

Although admitting that the hatchet found near the murder-scene resembled the one used in Robinson's store, the defense claimed its identity not to be established, and took advantage of this strong point, although the prosecution had merely to call a witness then in court—the maker of the weapon—to prove the existence of but two of this peculiar style of hatchet, fabricated by him as models for an improvement upon the English-made implements then in general use, one of which he was said to have sold to Robinson's employer, while retaining the other at his shop in the Ninth Ward. For some good reason this man—a Mr. Angevine—was not made to testify, and herein the culpable remissness of the prosecution became strikingly apparent.

A few months ago there died at the "Home for Old Men and Aged Couples"—a benevolent institution in Hudson street, adjacent to St. Luke's Church, and of which the well-known manager William Niblo was a conspicuous projector—a popular citizen, Mr. Daniel Oatman, once a wealthy tradesman, but during late years of his advanced existence in reduced circumstances. At the time of the Jewett murder Mr. Oatman kept an extensive clothing establishment on Broadway, opposite the Park. Curiosity leading him to visit the scene of the tragedy, the clothier naturally examined the cloak found in the rear yard, and at once recognized it to be, from certain peculiarities, one he had sold to a frequent visitor at his store. He in no wise concealed knowledge of the fact, but, on the contrary, mentioned it freely to numerous lawyers, among whom were some of his habitual customers. Although present during the entire trial, Mr. Oatman was not summoned to the witness' stand, and Robinson thereby gained the benefit of a doubt as to being the possessor of that identical cloak. In addition to this suppressed testimony, the District-attorney had it within his power, had he so chosen, to have produced a witness who was reputed to have seen Robinson, wearing the cloak, enter the chamber of Helen on the night of her murder. This person was Helen's most intimate friend, and occupant of the apartment directly opposite, having been driven to a life of shame through a husband's base abandonment and the persecution of his family. Like Helen, this woman was young, highly educated, handsome, and of mysterious origin. Her husband was the prodigal son of a hard-working shoemaker in William street, near Spruce—a celebrity in the Second Ward, wherein he accumulated considerable property. This shoemaker's son was a wayward youth, although great pains had been taken with his education and moral culture, who, having been suspected of a serious crime, precipitately abandoned his parents' home. After the lapse of a few years, the fugitive returned, bringing with him a wife and a curly-headed boy of tender years. But the shoemaker was unforgiving, and, moreover, tainted with a thirst for office-holding; hence he regarded the presence of his son as an unendurable disgrace, while religious bigotry steeled his heart against reception of the wife. In his anger the shoemaker consulted his friend and legal adviser, a celebrated lawyer—then Alderman of the ward, whose sons subsequently became distinguished advocates, one being elevated to a seat on the bench—and finally executed a will disinheriting his offspring. To avoid family turmoil, the discarded son again disappeared, and is reported as having committed suicide, whereupon, shortly after, the wife departed from the house, leaving the child behind, and was not heard of until recognized as an inmate of the Townsend mansion in connection with the Jewett affair. Expecting a visitor, she had remained up after the other inmates of the house had retired. Hearing a footstep in the hall, she had opened her room-door, and distinctly saw Robinson enter Helen Jewett's chamber, although his face was partially concealed by the upturned collar of his cloak. Notwithstanding that this story of a fellow-unfortunate, corroborated by circumstantial evidence, was known to the investigating authorities, no means were taken for her detention, and consequently she became shortly lost to public sight, and her whereabouts thereafter perpetually unknown. The subsequent misfortune of this woman's child forms an apt sequel to the romance of Robinson's crime. Regarding the boy as an orphan, the heart of the shoemaker, as he grew in riches, appears to have mollified in his grandchild's favor. He caused him to be well educated, sent him to college, and placed him in a theological seminary. Upon the grandfather's death it was discovered that his revengeful will had never been revoked, by the terms of which the shoemaker's entire estate passed to the daughters of his friend, the Alderman. Friends were not wanting the disinherited heir; the will was ineffectually contested, and the family of a stranger at present enjoy that which rightfully should belong to the child of unfortunate parents.

TRACINGS IN THE DARK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

While tearing down two rows of buildings on L—— street, London, some years ago, a strange scene occurred. The laborers found that between the centre ends of the two rows of buildings, for some unexplained reason, a space of about two feet had been left, but the rear and front walls were bricked up to a level with the cornice of the roof. In this space, on reaching the ground, the horrified workmen found a male human skeleton, with the dried skin clinging to the bones. The remains were garbed in the costume of forty years ago, and in the pockets were found bank-notes, securities and jewels to a large amount.

The securities were recognized as belonging to a wealthy German named Lauderbach, who had once occupied the premises east of the vacancy, and the jewels had belonged to his wife. On tracing the affair further, the writer discovered that in the latter part of the year Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-three a murder of the most frightful atrocity had occurred in Lauderbach's house. His wife, who was reported as a surpassingly beautiful woman of the Scandinavian type, with rich, flowing, amber-hued locks, and languishing, voluptuous, dreamy eyes, had been discovered on the floor of her bedchamber, with her throat severed to the vertebra, and her exquisite form slashed and mangled in the most shocking manner. I was informed at the police-station where I made my inquiries that, some two years previous to the murder, Lauderbach had grown gloomy and despondent, and finally gone quite insane. Previous to this the happiness of the couple was proverbial, and it was a subject of surprise to the neighbors when the news of his insanity spread. Mrs. Lauderbach seemed quite overcome by the blow, and, overwhelmed with grief, was finally compelled to place her husband in —— Asylum for the Insane. For a time the poor man showed no improvement, and required constant care to prevent him taking his own life. But one stormy night—the very night of the murder—his attendant unfortunately fell asleep, and the cunning lunatic escaped. In the morning his hat was found floating in the Thames, and, although every effort was made to discover the body, the search proved unsuccessful.

The only intimate acquaintance of the Lauderbachs was a young Frenchman of strikingly handsome appearance, who occupied a room on the upper floor of their dwelling. He was an artist by profession, and consequently absent at his studio all day; but evenings, when not frequenting the club, theatre or other social gathering, he remained at home. Lauderbach was a musician at the Drury-lane Theatre, and therefore was absent at morning rehearsals, and late into the night. His afternoons were generally devoted to his pupils; consequently he spent but little time at home. It is easy to see, therefore, that the lodger, Pierre Dubois by name, was often thrown into the company of the musician's strikingly beautiful wife. On the night of the murder Dubois was absent at a ball, but on returning in the morning he found the night-latch fastened against him. This was an unusual occurrence. It was yet early morn, and he rang the bell violently some time before the sleepy maidservant responded.

He was about passing to his room, when the girl called his attention to a light shining from Mrs. Lauderbach's bedroom. He called her by name, but, receiving no reply, peeped through the crack of the open door. His heart ceased its pulsations. There, on the floor, lay his beautiful cousin, with her faultless form hacked and carved in the most hideous manner. The floor was saturated with blood, and the golden-amber hair was dyed a sanguinary saffron. She could not have been long dead, for the blood had scarcely congealed, and her flaccid form was not yet cold.

By the side of her head, with the dyed blade entangled amidst her tresses, lay the instrument of murder, a pearl-handled razor, and the dazed cousin saw that it belonged to him. This razor was the means of hanging Pierre Dubois, notwithstanding his oft-repeated protestations of innocence. At the inquest the maidservant testified to having heard footsteps pass her door about midnight, while retiring. But she paid no heed, as she supposed it was her mistress or the lodger. The surgeons testified that Mrs. Lauderbach had been dead two hours when discovered, and that she had been outraged. Pierre Dubois had murdered the death-chamber at four o'clock. He had left the ball at twelve, but where he spent the interim he would not disclose. But it was proved that he had discharged the cabman a few blocks from his lodgings, and was seen about half-past two washing his hands at a hydrant near the eastern row of buildings by a watchman. The row consisted of tenement-houses. The servant further stated that her mistress and cousin had hot words the previous night. The scuttle of Mrs. Lauterbach's house was open. The imprints of bloody fingers were upon it. A strong chain of circumstantial evidence, certainly, fixed Dubois was charged in the verdict of the coroner's jury with the "willful outrage and murder of Mrs. Lauderbach." He strongly affirmed his innocence; but was brought in guilty at the Old Bailey, and expiated the crime upon the scaffold. The theory of the prosecution was that, inflamed by wine, he had returned home, entered the house, and passed upstairs. The gas was burning brightly in Mrs. Lauderbach's bedroom. That he had entered, and, after outraging her, murdered her, fearing that she would proclaim his guilt, and, being seized with a mad impulse, had butchered his victim. On recovering his senses, he had endeavored to give an appearance of robbery to the case by ransacking the bureau-drawers and hiding the valuables of the deceased. He then fastened the front door, and, passing through the scuttle, proceeded over the roof of the other buildings to the tenement-house, and descended to the street, where he was seen washing away the traces of his crime.

Why did not the Argus-eyed detectives look down that cleft where the real robber and murderer lay in the sleep of death? This is one of the unanswerable questions of the past.

* * * * *

We have given the prologue of the story as we tracked it out in London. Now for the sequel.

The writer recently attended a *seance*, as the spiritualists term their table-rapping receptions. The room was darkened, the hands were pressed tightly on the table. For a period no one spoke a word, and gradually the electric current began to tingle the elbows of all.

The sharp taps came in rapid succession on the centre of the table.

"Is there a spirit present?" inquired the flaxen-haired maiden.

"Yes," tapped the invisible inhabitant of the spheres.

"Will you manifest yourself by sound or in writing?"

The last words were hailed by the metallic raps as quickly as the ringing bell of a street-corner electric-battery.

The medium's steel-gray eyes began to roll upwards in her head, and her form writhed and twitched like a victim of "St. Vitus' dance."

But a few moments passed before the lovely medium seized a pencil and slate, and commenced making tracks over it with the velocity of the fly-wheel of a locomotive, and in much less time than it takes me to copy it she jotted down the following narrative:

"My name, while a denizen of the mortal sphere, was Wagner Lauderbach."

Did I start when I read the lines? If I did not, it was because I was fastened, as it were, to my seat. My heart was like a lump of ice, and I could feel the cold chills run up and down my back.

"My name while living in London, on L—— street, was the same. You know full well the story of my wife and cousin, but you do not know the full extent of their degradation. One evening, while engaged in Drury-lane, being unwell, I procured leave of absence for the night, and returned home. On entering the hallway I saw a dim light proceeding from the parlor. The door was slightly ajar. The sound of rapturous kisses struck my ear. My heart failed me. What could it mean? I approached the aperture, and peeped into the faintly-lighted apartment. I started back dismayed. I had seen a sight that had set my brain on fire. Seated on one of the carved black-walnut chairs was my wife's cousin, Pierre Dubois, and at his feet, partially reclining on a low ottoman, was Marie—my Marie, whom I had so long considered true as steel to me. Her head was pillowed on his shoulder, her left hand was held a willing prisoner in his, her right hand toyed with his beard, while his left hand clasped her tenaciously to him. Their faces were slightly apart, but the amorous glances that lit his dark eyes were reflected again in the sensuous fires of my darling's blue orbs.

"'Alone—all alone, my darling!' she was murmuring rapturously. 'Oh! how I enjoy these stolen moments.'

"It was enough for me. I could stand it no longer. I dashed madly into the room; my brain whirled, and from that time—for I know not how long—all was as dark as night. I but remember occasional glimpses of what I saw during that sombre interval. There were gibbering forms around me, yells of fierce agony, and fiendish shouts of idiotic laughter. One day I awoke for a moment in a bath-tub of scalding water. Some one removed me, and pulled off my clothes, with the skin almost following them. I heard someone say:

"'He will kill himself in one of these mad freaks yet,' and then all was a hideous blank again.

"Then I remember clinging to a rope formed of sheets fastened to iron bars. It was still night, but my brain was awake again. How I had come there I did not know; but I was in front of a large building, partially lit up. St. Paul's was chiming the hour of twelve. Another glance revealed that the building was the —— Asylum for Insane. The whole scene in the parlor, the subsequent vertigo, and the horrible phantasma that ensued all returned to me like a flash. Dark thoughts of dire vengeance filled my brain. I swam the river, losing my hat in the attempt. I reached my house, but the door was closed against me. But I had the cunning of the madman to aid me. I fulfilled the thought, stole up the tenement-stairs to the roof, crept along the tiles, and, opening the scuttle of my own house, entered. I met no one. In Pierre's room I saw his razor lying on the dressing-table and seized it. My wife's door was open. I stole in on tiptoe. She was sleeping like an angel, but she was an adulteress at heart. What passed you already know; the coroner's inquest revealed it. But all that was attributed to Pierre Dubois was accomplished by me; all that I did he suffered for, and I was amply avenged. But I met a horrible fate. The unidentified remains that were buried like a pauper in London, as a common thief, were those of Wagner Lauderbach."

And this, reader, was the sum and substance of "THE TRACINGS IN THE DARK" upon the medium's slate.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PART I.

THE LADDER OF FAME.

The entertainment will commence with the thrilling melodrama of

THE CRIMSON GORIST,
Or the Last of the Crimists.

In five acts and six tableaux, cast to the full strength of the company composing "The Yellowstone Dramatic Association and Climbers of the Histrionic Ladder." It may be well to mention that a strong police force will be present to preserve order. The audience will please remain until the end of the play. (*Ting-a-ling-a-ling.*)

CLOSING TABLEAU—DEATH OF THE CRIMSON GORIST.

A BOSTON AMATEUR CLUB
From Which Many Good Actors Were Graduated.

W. S. L. of Boston, Mass., contributes an interesting bill, of which a copy is appended. At the period mentioned, no theatrical entertainments were given at the public places of amusement on Saturday nights, and it was customary for some of the numerous amateur societies there to hire a theatre and give public performances. This was the last performance of Dan Setchell as an amateur before entering the profession, in the same year at the same theatre. He was lost at sea, en route from San Francisco to New Zealand, in February, 1866; R. F. McClannin the following season went on the stage at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La.—he is now at the Boston (Mass.) Museum; E. W. Danforth likewise entered the profession in Cincinnati, O., where soon he became stage-manager—as an actor he rose rapidly, but death cut short his career in that city May 19, 1857; H. L. Bascomb and John Wilson joined the Boston Museum company as utility men—Mr. Bascomb was acting recently in Portland, Me., and John Wilson is at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.; W. F. Cutter joined E. A. Marshall at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and served there as a utility man for five years—a pulmonary disease prevented him from obtaining a high rank in the profession—he died in Halifax, N. S., July 7, 1866; G. B. Melville entered the profession, but we have no record of his career; George A. Beane is now playing in variety theatres in the West; C. Leonard is the son of Joseph Leonard, a well-known auctioneer, who was the lessee at one time and manager of the National Theatre. The ladies were all professionals. Mrs. Knight, now Mrs. T. J. Hind, is in retirement in this city; Mrs. McVicker, after being divorced from her husband, was known for some time as Anna Levering—she again married, and is now in retirement in Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Vincent is at the Boston Museum.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.
Third annual entertainment of
THE AURORA DRAMATIC CLUB,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1853,
on which occasion they will be assisted by
MRS. A. KNIGHT, MR. H. McVICKER,
MISS KATE DE LACY, and MRS. VINCENT,
by the kind permission of their respective managers.
Manager.....Dan Setchell
The performance will commence with Lovell's much-admired play, in five acts, entitled
LOVE'S SACRIFICE, OR THE RIVAL MERCHANTS.
Matthew Elmore..W. F. Cutter | Jean Ruse.....Mr. Setchell
Paul Lafont..R. F. McClannin | Servant.....W. Payne
Eugene De Lorme, | Margaret Elmore,
E. W. Danforth | Mrs. Knight
St. Lo.....H. L. Bascom | Herminie De Vermont,
Moriuc.....J. Wilson | Mrs. McVicker
Du Viray.....G. B. Melville | Manou.....Mrs. Vincent
Friar Dominic..G. A. Beane | Jenny.....Miss De Lacy
To conclude with the farce of
THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM, OR A GHOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.
Mr. Nicodemus, R. F. McClannin | Paul.....C. Leonard
Squire Aldwinkle..J. Wilson | Servant.....W. Payne
Vauntington..G. B. Melville | Lavinia.....Mrs. Vincent
Dickory.....Mr. Setchell | Georgiana.....Miss De Lacy
Curtain will rise at 7½ o'clock.

PART II.—OLIO

THE RECREANT ONE.

We now propose to treat the audience to one of those tender ballads which humanity delights to hear, since they touch a chord of sympathy in every susceptible heart.

The Lover's Wish.

BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

Good-bye, sweet love; we part as friends,
Though dark and gloomy seems the weather,
While I alone must tread the paths
That I had hoped we should together;
Though you have sought another arm
To which to-day you're fondly clinging,
And gloomy as the passing knell
To me thy wedding bells are ringing.

Chorus.
Yet I would wish thee joy for life,
And pray no sorrow e'er betide thee;
That in thy future as a wife
Our Father in his mercy guide thee.

Too surely, darling, I shall miss
Thy smiles 'neath skies where I am roaming;
But ever as the sun grows low
I see thy face amid the gloaming,
And dream that all the old-time love
Hath not within thy bosom perished;
That still for me there is a spot
Within thy memory fondly cherished.

Chorus.
And yet I'll wish thee joy for life,
And pray no sorrow e'er betide thee,
That God may guard thee from all strife,
And safely through life's pathway guide thee.

March 30, 1877.

[*Correct Portrait of his Last Love.*]

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

The season of Lent being over, the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle are now enjoying the festivities of the Easter Holidays, and in a social dance our friends are cordially invited to participate. (*Ting-a-ling.*)

THE HAPPY IRISH BOY.

TO SIMON MCCARTHY, ESQ.

AIR—*Martha Jane Barue*

Oh, here I am, so blithe and gay,
I'm happy all the live-long day,
I sing my songs to please you all
And sure I'm not to blame;
And one thing more I'll let you know,
I'll tell you all before I go,
I'm from the town of Wicklow,
And Mulcahey that's my name.
Oh, I am a happy boy,
And dancing is my joy—
My heart is ever full of mirth,
No matter where I be,
And whenever I get up to sing
I'm sure to make the whole house ring,
For I am a happy Irish boy,
That's full of jollity.

Chorus.—Then it's Ireland, aroo,
You are beautiful to view,
Your rivers, lakes and mountains adorning,
Your sons are blithe and free,
No matter where they be,
And they're happy as the lark in the morning.

There's Borhoime, Emmitt, Dan O'Connell,
Meagher and O'Connor, too,
They were Irishmen, as all can tell,
That were worthy of the name;
And one thing more I'll have you know—
I'll proclaim this where'er I go—
In verse and song I'll ever sing
The records of their fame.
Oh, how I would rejoice
To hear sweet Liberty's voice
Echo over hill and dale
Of our own sunny land,
And answer back across the sea
That Erin's green isle was free,
And Irishmen together, then,
Be united heart and hand.

Chorus.—Then it's Ireland, aroo,
You are beautiful to view,
Your rivers, lakes and mountains adorning,
Your sons are blithe and free,
No matter where they be,
And they're happy as the lark in the morning.

THE CIRCUS IN THE PAST.

We have the honor to present to your notice a clown who lived and jested in the fourteenth century. We bring him before you just as he appeared in the early ages, and some of you may be surprised to learn that the circus is an old institution, and that many of the feats now performed in the sawdust arena had their origin among the ancients. Performing wild and domestic animals, the circus, and nearly all the tricks now performed in it by "man and beast," together with Mister Merryman, the ringmaster with his long thorned whip, etc., were all well known to our ancestors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, long before the drama had arisen to dim their glory. While bringing out this funny old timer, we do not wish to be understood as having any desire or intention to supplant the modern American jester. On the contrary, as our own North and South have become reconciled, we trust that naught but good feeling will exist between the clowns of the present and those of the past.

A Jester of the Fourteenth Century.

CRANE & CO.'S CIRCUS IN 1850.

Mlle. Rosa is Rose Madigan, now the wife of James Myers, who is managing an American circus in Europe; Joe Pentland died in this city Feb. 7, 1873; T. H. Williams is before the public under the name of Signor Henrico; H. P. Madigan died in Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 15, 1862; Wm. Armstrong died in Cincinnati, O., Sept. 16, 1871; John Murray is proprietor of a circus bearing his name; Signor Elias, we believe, is living, but he has not been heard from in some years.

CRANE & CO.'S GREAT ORIENTAL CIRCUS
will perform
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18 AND 19, 1850,
corner of Washington avenue and Ninth street, at 2½ and 8 o'clock P. M.
EQUESTRIAN MANAGER, MR. JOHN R. SHAY.
Among the talent of this company is
MLLE. ROSA, the young and beautiful female equestrian.
Also,
JOE PENTLAND, the U. S. A. clown;
T. H. WILLIAMS, the wonderful herculean and cannon-ball performer;
H. A. GARDNER and H. P. MADIGAN, riders and gymnastic performers;
WM. ARMSTRONG, J. MURRAY,
A. F. LIMING, D. REED,
SIG. BLISS, Etc.
PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCE.
GRAND ENTREE.
La Trance.....by.....T. Williams
ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP by Master Armstrong.
GRAND CARPET-LEAPS by the company, led by H. A. Gardner.
The beautiful twin ponies DAMON AND PYTHIAS; also DON JUAN, and the fast crab DIAMOND, introduced by J. R. Shay.
Act of Changes.....by.....H. A. Gardner
Posturing.....by.....Liming and Bliss
Principal act.....by.....Mlle. Rosa
Slack-rope.....by.....Mr. Liming
Grand pageant of
THE SULTAN'S HALT IN THE DESERT,
in which camels will be introduced.
Great Cannon-ball Feats...by.....T. H. Williams
Indian Hunter.....by.....H. P. Madigan
To conclude with a comic afterpiece.
Prices of Admission.—Boxes, 50cts.; children under 10 years, 25c.: pit, 25c.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XII.

TWENTY MINUTES WITH A CIRCUS-RIDER.

Apart from his pardonable boast that he can do two tricks on horseback to any other rider's one, Charles W. Fish has many liens upon the public's regard, not the least of which is his further claim to originality in being the first person who ever turned a somersault from a horse's back and alighted upon *one* foot. With him equestrianism is fully as much of an art as a means of livelihood. Ambitious of its triumphs, he is not oblivious to its perils; and his own words will attest that his regard for the circus-business is such as to place it in an advanced position among those vocations that are most beneficial physically, and least objectionable morally.

"Few people," remarks this model equestrian, who can now command a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per week, "fully appreciate bare-back riding. The great majority, though they may wonder how it is done, and may confess that it falls to the lot of but few to do it well, call it simply 'circus.' Now, in my humble judgment, a bareback-rider is as great a benefactor of the human family as is the producer of the finest opera. It is also my judgment that the rider is the greater artist of the two. Were it possible for people to command the same facilities for practicing circus-riding that they have for acquiring a knowledge of piano-music, they would by experiments gain an insight into the difficulties that stand in the way of becoming more than an ordinary rider. The successful opera-singer must be gifted by nature with a voice of superior excellence, but nature can scarcely endow the circus-rider. There are rules laid down for the development of the human voice, but there can be no rules for circus-riding. He who would succeed as an equestrian in the ring must have acquired not only agility and courage, but he must also possess a well-balanced mind and an instantaneous command of thought. Phrenologists who have examined artistic circus-riders have pronounced the various developments, and especially that of calculation, to be clearly and acutely moulded. This has to be the case, for oftentimes a man's very life is dependent upon the nicety of the calculation he makes before leaping into the air from the back of his flying horse. Few who embrace the equestrian vocation ever pass beyond mediocrity, and I know of but three bareback-riders who are really first-class. Whether there shall be more or less than this number in the near future rests entirely with the capacity of the public for appreciating the difficulties attending bareback feats, since the public's patronage cannot be else than in exact ratio to its appreciation. I myself have done what I may never do again. When with Montgomery Queen, I performed a feat never before attempted on a bareback horse, but I continued to do it for a short time only. The spectators did not seem to appreciate its difficulty to that extent which would justify me in incurring the danger inseparable from it. I called it a 'twisting somersault,' and it may be described thus: I stood with my *back* to the horse's head and turned a back somersault, alighting with my *face* to the horse's head.

"As you state, much has been said against the moral surroundings of the circus. But I have seen the circus under all circumstances and in almost all countries, and I do not hesitate to affirm of first-class establishments, by which I mean the circus proper, that their moral tone will compare favorably with that of any other profession. There is one thing that can be asserted of circus-people that is true of but few other professions—they do not sell their talent below cost. And while exacting proper pay, they are not afraid of work, and are both able and careful to give the public their money's worth."

The occupation of the slight, lithe frame whose agility and grace have won plaudits from two hemispheres, the favored possessor of the pair of sharp eyes whose restlessness indicate that active, suspicious mind which scents disaster from afar and is always prepared for it, was born on Nov. 23, 1848, on the old Ridge Road in Philadelphia. His mother died when he was but an infant, and with his paternal grandmother he removed to Cincinnati, O. It was in 1857 that his eyes first sparkled to the glitter of spangles, his susceptible nostrils first absorbed that aroma of sawdust so captivating to youth, and his ears first attuned themselves to the cheery salutation of Mr. Merryman and the spiteful crack of the correctional ringmaster's whip. The scenes of the ring fascinated him as completely as they had many another stripling before his time, and he resolved that his after-life should be "all circus," which in the lexicon of boyhood is defined as "no work." Yielding a reluctant consent after the youngster had begged and cried by turns, his father placed him under the charge of the late James McFarland, who was then traveling with Spalding & Rogers' Circus, and in the following year he was regularly indentured for the term of seventy-eight months to the junior proprietor of that concern, Charles J. Rogers. So far as his cognizance extends, Charles W. Fish is the only equestrian who has ever been legally identured to learn the business, and the papers that thus bound him to a horse's back are still in his possession, and highly prized.

With Spalding & Rogers he traveled through most of the Southern and Western States, also in Canada and the Middle States, and likewise spent two years in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, and the West India Islands. Returning to the States, they landed much sooner than they had expected, being wrecked on Long Beach Island, ten miles south of Barnegat Light, N. J., on April 2, 1864. The company lost everything except the clothing they wore, and saved but three horses out of twenty-four. His probation of six years and a half with Spalding & Rogers having expired, towards the close of 1864 he joined Frank Howes' Circus at Knoxville, Tenn., and for the first time commanded a salary beyond mere clothes and provender. Rejoining Spalding & Rogers' Circus

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Apr. 9.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Ella
Allen, Eloise
Beaumont, Stella
Brevoort, Kate
Bell, Miss F. (late of Philadelphia)
Berger, Anna Teresa (3) 12c.
Brennan, Emma
Baldwin, Mrs. S. S.
Bonfanti, Marie
Beaumont, Nellie (of Soldene's Co.) (2)
Bradley, Leonora
Barry, Frankie
Brandon, Nellie
Buchanan, Virginia
Bradden, Annie
Bidwell, "Dollie"
Curtis, Ida L.
Clark, Abey R.
Coleman, Helen
Cawthorne, Mrs.
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Clifton, Blanche (burlesq. "biz") (2)
Davenport, Gracie (actress)
Dalton, Catharine
D'Alvis Sisters
Dandase, Maria L.
Duprez, Estelle
Etta, Mlle.
Eytinge, Rose
Edwards, Mrs. Welsh
Elberts, Kittie B.
Ferrara, Marie
Fletcher, Annie C.
Foy Sisters
Florence, Fannie
Fairmont, Belle
Fairmont, Belle (vocalist)
Gorman, Lottie (vocalist)
Maggie (of Collisum, Cincin.)
Gray, Ada
Gregory, Mary A.
Gray, Minnie (variety "biz")
M.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen & Co., J. C.
Avery, Jesse W.
Allerup, P. S.
Atwood, Chas. T.
Arbuckle, D.
Armstrong, And. (song and dancer)
Anderson, P. A.
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Abecco, A.
Arnold Brothers
Allen, "Dick"
Bouclicault, Dion
Bishop, Wm. H.
Beech or Beele, G. (of Georgia Minst.)
Buook, George
Barry, J. (of A. & Barry)
Burbank, (Shakespeare reader)
Barnum, P. T. (of Howe's Circus)
Benedict, L. (of Kelly & Leon's Minst.)
Belmont, Francis
Buckley, Jno. (musician)
Bryant & Williams
Bishop, Alfred H.
Booker, "Johnny"
Barry, "Johnny"
Blodgett, "Wash" T. W.
Baker, "Ben"
Bailey, Geo. F.
Byrnes, "Dan" H.
Blossom, "Jim"
Boyd, Chas.
Beach, A. W.
Barrett, Wm.
Beehm, E. Strakosch's Co.)
Bowie, J. W.
Bisbee, Fred
Bailey, Harry
Bleeker, Sylvester
Bush, Frank
Buhell & Bro. Geo.
Bush, L. T. (3)
Bolbrook, "Nat"
Blodgett, Harvey
Brett, W. R.
Crawford, J. W.
Chapin, H. 6c.
Clark, Ed. (of Clark Bros.)
Clapham, Harry
Chaffee, L. W.
"Ching-Loo"
Cohen, Jas. B.
"Continental 4."
The Cressville, Jno. A.
Carter, L. (of Van Arburgh's Co.)
Cotton, "Ben" (comed.)
Clayton & Weston 6c.
Chevers & Kennedy
Connor, W. (of L. Harris' Co.)
Campbell, C. (of Soldene's Co.)
Castle, Thos. (musician)
Constantine & Le Clair
Courtright, "Billy" (2)
Cooper, T. (of Cooper Bros.)
Cassidy, Geo. H.
Cahill, Wm. B.
Clifton, Howard (2)
Converse, Frank B. 3c.
Cottrell, John
Culver, A. 10c.
Cornu, Ed. J.
Colwell, Jr., M.
Cole, W. H.
Crespini, U.
Crum, L. H.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Cronin, Wm. G.
Delehanty & Hengler (2)
Douglas, J. B.
Dancy, H. A.
Decora, — ("fire king")
Donegan, Mr. (late of Baltimore)
Dixon, H. (of Kelloge's Op. Co.) (2)
De Forest, W. H.
Devlin, "Dick"
Durand, Richd.
De Forest & West
Dunham, D. F.
Dulany, Wm. T.
Devere, S.
De Lavoy, G.
Davies, W. H.
De Bar, "Den"
Duprez, Chas. H.
Dumont, Frank
Dodge, "Ben"
Darr, F. A.
Dean, A.
Edwards, Welsh
Eades, Harry
Ehrich, James
Ellis, Harold
Emerson, Peter
Ellis, "Gus" (musician)
Edwards, G. H. (of Dun & Ben Minst.)
Elder, Matthew
Fitzpatrick, Mons.
Fluke, W. H.
Fowler, W. M.
Froom, H.
Fuller, C. W. (agent)
Finch, Edward
Freeman, John W.
Ford, J. R. (of J. E. Cwin's Co.) 3c.
Franchum, Geo. W.
Fiske, "Mose"
Foster, Wm.
Flynn, Dennis
Florence, W.
Freire, Alberto 3c.
Fowler, W. W.
Fish, Fred. C.
Foster, Robt. (of Olympia, N. Y. City)
Forester, B. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Fleury, Fernando
Fox, Edward (manager)
Forrester, C. C. (of Soldene's Co.)
Gaugain, Marie
Holland, Annie
Howard, Pauline
Herbert, Emilie
Heywood, Fannie
Harland, Rose
Hunt, Fannie
Holman, Mrs. G. (of Holman Op. Co.)
Imogene, Miss (actress)
Ince, Mrs. Emma (vocalist)
Johns, Effie (2)
Joyce, Laura (nee Maskell)
Keene, Mrs. F. E.
Kimberley, Beasie
Kellogg, Alice
Lola, Mlle. (trapezist)
Lee, Georgie (English post-mark)
Lawrence, Emma
Lewis, Ella C.
Leigh, Sadie 5c.
Lindsay, Nora (2)
La Verde, Belle
Lavarnie, Lizzie
Loftus, Sidnie
Lancaster, Marie L.
Moxon, Ada (of Soldene's Co.)
Meyers, Mrs. F. W.
Morris, Katedale of Philadelphia)
Merrett, Pauline
Mitchell, Maggie
Miller, Mrs. A.
Macarthy, Mrs. Lottie E.
Montague, Louisa
McKinney, Alice
Morelle, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.) (2)
Norwood, May
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Nicholson, Eugenie (of Soldene & Co.)
Oscar, Mrs.
Pendy, Mrs. John
Phillips, Mrs. Horace E.
Picquette, Myrtle M.
Paul, Eugenia
Perley, Josephine
Putnam's Co., Manager)
Rosewaid, Julie
Rainford, Alice
Rosa, Lydia
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie
Robson, Erba
Rousby, Mad.
Simpson Sisters
St. Clair, Minnie (vocalist)
Sanford, Mrs. Fannie
Stewart, Adeline (vocalist)
Sothern, Jennie
Stella, Rose (2)
Seymour, Annie J.
Sayles, Nellie
Stanley, Maude
Somers, Alice
Stanley, Josephine
Seager, Ella Knapp
Simpson, Ellise
Stanley, Flora
Sinclair, Mrs. Harry
Smith, Kittie
Sheridan, Amy (vocalist) (2)
Turnour, Hepsey
Vane, Belle
Victoria, Mlle.
Von Holt, Marianne
Verlander, Jeannette
Vivian, Beatrice
Wren, Ella (of J. E. Owen's Co.)
Watkins, Mrs. Rose
Warren, "Dollie"
Warren Sisters
West, Mrs. (of Soldene's Co.) (2)
Whittington, Lottie
Young, Mary
Zera, Mrs. Irene
Zoaara, Miss
Zittella, Mlle.
Zoerritt, Anna
Zanfretta, Mrs.
"Dodie"

Garner, Mr. (of "D. Crockett" Co.)
Gregory, Thos.
Gale, Walter
Gardner, Chas. ("Hop-light Loo")
Goodyear, JC. (of Hengler's Circus)
Grundy, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Gotthold, E. M.
Griffin, Jno. Reasby
Graham, "Bill" (of Murray's Cir.)
Germane, J. D.
Gough, John B.
Head, Harry C.
Holmes, —
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hurley, J. (of Miller & Gar., Philadelphia)
Harris, W. C. (manager)
Harris, W. C. (actor)
Hamilton, B. (of Mack & Hamilton)
Hastings, A. H.
Harris, F. D.
Harley, Mr. J. E.
Howard, Geo.
Holcombe, Chas. J.
Hinds, J. L.
Hammond, Jno.
Haines, S. J.
Hague, Jr., "Sam"
Hinde, J. H.
Hummer, Wm. A.
Holbrook, "Alf"
Holmes, E. B.
Hill, G. S.
Hall, Mills
Haslam, John
Hatch, F. L.
Height, "Bob"
Hunting, Robt. (circus "biz")
Holbrook, Harry (of Morrison's Co.)
Henderson, Col.
Thos. S.
Heywood Bros.
Comb. (12)
Heinecker, Louis (musician)
Herbines, Eugene (female-impers.)
Heinrich, Ferdinand
Hedges, Thos. (p. o. m. Walsal., Eng.)
Heilman, G. (scenic artist)
Hodges, D. B.
Harkins, W. S. 12c.
Hall, F. S. (of J. Dillon's Co.)
Haynes, Chas. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Harrod, C. A.
Jeffrey, J. H.
Johnson, Arthur G. 5c.
Jones, F. (of Metrop. Thea., Louisville)
Johnson & Brunelle
Jones, "Bobby" (of Athen., Columbus)
Jaques, Andrew
Jones, Arnold
Jones, Wm. H.
Nicholson, Eugenie (of Soldene's Co.)
Mitchell & Weber (comed.)
Morrissey, "John" (of McFarland's Com. Co., A.
Morris, D. L. (Dutch "biz")
McElrath, S. B.
Murray, John
Mann, Mr.
Mason, "Patsey"
Marinti, Harry
Murray, Dominick
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Newcomb, W. (of Newcomb's Minst.)
Nutt, Com. G. W. M.
Oscar, Mons.
Oliver, Jas. (of Kine Bros.)
Osmond, W. 15c.
Krom, Ed.
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kendall, H. A. (2)
Kirwan, E. (musician)
Kidder, C. W.
Kinross, W. (vocalist)
Le Folla, Prof.
Little, C.
Luby, Chas.
Lee, W. H.
Laughlin, Jos.
Little, Chas.
Little, Percy "biz"
Lebra, James
Lennox, G. H.
Lewis, "Ike" (song- and-dance)
Lee, J. H. (late of Miner's Theatre)
Lawson, Mr. (opera "biz")
Lewis, D. (late of D. Stephen's Co.)
Lyle, Jas.
Leavitt, M. B.
Livingston Bros.
Lawrence's Class.
Stanford'o, Manager
Lessenger & Moore
Le Viola, — (juggler & gymnast)
Murphy, J. E. (of Mur. & Mack) (2)
Murphy & Ward
Mason, "Dan"
Markhoff, John
Mayer, Marcus R.
Marney, Chas.
McCann, J. Ray
Miller, Henry
Mead & Pellar
McDowell, E. A.
Minert, H. C.
McDonough, J. F.
Morton, Chas. H.
Macauley, R.
McDonald, Geo. F.
Maffit, Jno. J.
McCarthy, Chas. F.
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.) (2)
Marquez, — ("Dan" Rice's Cir.)
Mackenzie, — (cabie)
Marsden, Ed. (dutch)
McKnight, Mr. (of "NaidQueen" Co.)
Marsh, Prof.
Mahburrt, —
Morton, C. H. (comed.)
Mack, R. (of Callender's Minst.)
Maden, Chas. (of Whittier's Minst.)
Mitchell's Minst.
Maden, Chas. (of Wingfield & Greg.
Mahon, Jno. H.
Mack, Wm. H.
Nicholson, Eugene (of Soldene & Co.)
Pendy, Mrs. John
Phillips, Mrs. Horace E.
Picquette, Myrtle M.
Parker, Mr. & Mrs. L.
Pease, Harry
Perry, Ed.
Richardson, Sage
Riddell, W. A.
Rice, "Eddie"
Richards, E. E.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Rose, Oakes
Rogers, J. Stuart
Ripley, Mr.
Rowe, G. F.
Rice, Ed. E.
Reniyan, T. F.
Robson, Stuart
Rubini, Sig.
Rowe, C. R.
Roe, Harry W. (2)
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Roe, H. W. (of Harper's Minst.)
Rees, D. H. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Rich, Harry (of Plymouth, Eng.)
Roberts, Sir Randal
Rivers, Chas. (mimet, "biz")
Rapier, "Jack"
Russell, "Sol" 8.
Robinson, Jas. (violinist)
Robinson, "Yankee"
Rankin, McKee
Robinson's Minst. Manag.
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Stackhouse, Harry
Shepard, "Burt" (soprano)
Sutherland, W. R.
Sleeper, Col. "Hal" (3)
Snow, A. Wilson
Seeley, F. B.
Sanford, W. R.
Sanders, S. E.
Sells Bros.
Sauer, Adam
Scott, Rufus
Seward, T. F.
Simmons, "Lew"
Smith, E. P.
Sadler, "Tommy"
Sheehan, J. (of Sheehan & Jones)
St. John, Moloney 3c.
Searl, Prof. F. ("fakir") (2)
Sutton, Capt. Jenner
Sullivan, P. of Murray's Cir.)
Shaw, "Tom" (circus "biz")
Sprague, Z. W.
Stanley, Fred (2)
Ste Ormond, H. L.
Sullivan, Michl.
Simon, J. A. (of Simon's Comique)
Simmons, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Sands, "Will" A.
Tullock, Levi J.
Tucker, J. A.
Thompson, Jno. ("E. Hand")
Titterton, Frank
Tayleure, C. W. (2)
Thompson, Alex.
Taylor, Thos. (treasurer)
Thielman, Chas.
Tyler, Mary E.
Tyler, Harry C.
Thorough good, Harry
Turner & Allen
Taylor, Jas. (of Dargon's Co.)
Turner, Geo. L.
Tyler, Jr., Geo.
Van Wormer, G. H. (2)
Victorelli, H.
"W. N."
Wagner, Saml. A.
Wiggins, Prof. S. F.
White, Charles
Wells, H. C. (musician)
Wyle, "Billy"
Ward, W. H. (of Dup. & Ben Minst.)
Worden, "Bob" (of Worden & Mack)
White, Mr. (of Irish Panorama Co.)
Westendorf "Bob"
Weeks, Dr. T.
Willmer, J. A. (musician)
Weston, Saml.
Wayne, "Burt"
Wilcox, S. T.
Wilson, C. F.
Washburn, E. S.
Washburn, J. H.
Whalen, J. H.
Wingfield & Greg.
Washburn, L. W.
Wilton, Ed. (circus "biz")
Worland, Jno. 5c.
Watson, W. (of Nottingham, Eng.)
Watson, E. C.
Winchell, Ed.
Williams, "Billy" (of Sable and Willims)
Walters & Kelly
West, Frank
West, G. W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Young, Chas. W.
Zanfretta, Alex. (trilloquist)

Kickapoo Aimee had preceded her, on Monday evening, April 2; but indisposition on the part of her engaged leading support, Frank Evans, necessitated a postponement to Wednesday evening, April 4, when she and her "Crown of Thorns" appeared together, Edward Arnott taking the place of the still indisposed Evans; and here, it should be observed, that Mr. Arnott was placed at a great disadvantage, having but very little time in which to study the part and get himself in readiness for the evening; and for this reason the severity of the criticisms of the press might have been softened had the critics been made aware of all the facts at the time. Neither Miss Dickinson nor her play created any furor; faint praise was awarded the lady for spasmodic efforts, and the play was let down as comfortably as could be expected. What further experience on the dramatic boards may do for the lady we shall not attempt to foretell; but the general verdict as to her dramatic ability seems to be: "Not proven;" while the advice of "Get thee to a lectury" is kindly volunteered.....Another holiday attraction was offered at Niblo's Garden in the guise, or disguise, of "Antony and Cleopatra," but the alleged Shakespearian spectacle failed to come up to the varied promises of the management. Mr. Wheelock was not the counterfeit presentment of Antony, nor was Mrs. Agnes Booth such a captivating, fascinating, and otherwise lovable Cleopatra as Shakespeare drew. The revival may be set down as an unmistakable failure, and the week's business was sufficient to convince the managers of the error they had made in warming up in an unsavory manner this cold dish of the past......"Die Walkure" was still another Easter holiday attraction, and the Academy of Music was filled by the Germanic element when, on Monday evening, April 2, that wild idyl of Wagner was served up by Fryer and his confreres. "Die Walkure" is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" more effectually than Wagner himself. From beginning to end it is a merciless struggle between brass and brawn, between wind instruments and mouth-organs, between audience vainly endeavoring to sift something tangible out of the general confusion, and operatives as industriously striving to cover up their deficiencies by the blare of trumpet and the din of other blow-pipes and base-drums. This music of the future had better be preserved for future generations, when musical tastes may be more easily directed in Wagnerian channels. We are threatened with another spasm of this kind of opera. Is there no law to prevent it? Is there no society to take charge of "Die Walkure" people, such as that which arrests the parents and guardians of infant prodigies?.....We seem to have set out this week to grumble and find fault with people and things. It looks like it, we admit; but it's all true, though it may be as gall and wormwood to those we have referred to. The solemnities of "The Danicheffs" continue at the Union-square Theatre, and the undertakers are said to derive a good deal of satisfaction therefrom. At the little theatre around the corner—Wallack's—"My Awful Dad" fills the bill to the mutual gratification of manager and audience. Folks who don't know much about plays and play-actors want to know whether Beckett isn't the *real* awful dad, and Wallack the scapegrace of a son. "The Princess Royal" is reigning with princely royalty at Daly's—that is, trade is fairly brisk, and the courtiers before and behind the royal presence are in a happy mood. Manager Fiske and *his* royal prince are getting along as comfortably as circumstances will permit. Miss Marie Walnwright was to have made her debut last week at Daly's, but his "Royal Princess" forbade the banns; probably she got a *rain cue* then, and the lady will come out May 8 in "Rome Vaincue." Fanny is his right bower, and Clara is his left. Jimmy, draw forth the untamed machine, and grind out a few rhymes to relieve the too solid appearance of this matter. "Put on a tellerfun attachment?" No; our trifles might be snapped up by conniving telegraph-operators along the line. "Want her sot in a komikil mood, a sarkastic wane, or minor key?" Well, as yours is the minor hand that operates it, perhaps you had better give her her head, and let her have her own way:

PURELY VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.

In all the *rare dishes* Daly serves we find fair Fanny D.;
Nor can we now re-*call a flower* as beautiful as she;
But *let us* patronize the plays he writes for us to see,
Since few would have *us spare a Gus* so popular as he.

.....Barnum's Show comes to the surface again to-day, at the Hippodrome, and that is why he calls it the greatest show on earth. Now, if he had dared to call it the greatest show on *sawdust*, then other showmen would have known the reason why. One of Barnum's greatest cards is a performing Fish, and yet he does not mean to run counter to the fishes at the Aquarium. No; Barnum's Fish is not of the watery kind, but rather of a fiery nature—of the white Fish class, in contradistinction to the black fish at Coup's headquarters. And yet, for a real, startling coup, you must see little Fish's finale in his great bareback act.....

"Our Jim" has submitted to a new society-"drammer" to a metropolitan manager; but, as it is called "The Burst Upper Crust, or the Ruined Prune," a pie-ous work, we doubt its reception.....An effort is to be made to resurrect Theodore Thomas. Year before last, The-adored musical-director inaugurated a series of midsummer-nights' concerts at Central Park Garden; but, as that place is too far away for evening entertainments, the audiences were small, but appreciative as to the beer accompaniments, which must ever be a most objectionable feature with the great orchestra while *performing*, no matter how kindly they take to it when off duty; so the Summer season of 1875 was a fizzle. Last year was like unto it—Theodore and his band tried Philadelphia, and the musical collapse was very discouraging; he got sick and disgusted with the Quakers, and shook 'em like they were scaly lepers. Since then, the orchestra has done a little jobbing throughout the country, and now it is said that a few choice lovers of music are moving to set Theodore on his pins again, and they have our sincere wishes for their success.....And talking about music, did it ever occur to you how closely chloroform resembles Mozart? Didn't it? Well, it's really so, because *it's a great composer*. [Our editorial brethren everywhere have our full permission to use these little bits just the same as though they composed them themselves, and no questions asked. And this, everybody will admit, is conceding a good deal, as the poker-player said when his partner very innocently dealt him four aces.—ED.].....The pious Aimee gave another sacred concert last night, and with much emotion she sang the soul-inspiring hymn of "Hildebrandt Montrose," and gave vent to the psalm "Pretty as a Picture;" at the conclusion of which there wasn't a dry eye in the church. If Aimee keeps on this way, she'll next "Want to be an Angel," and after that join Brother Talmage's congregation....With one hand tied behind us, and "Our Jim" out at lunch, we now propose to compose a weird and wild verse of poetry, which, for sustained thought, original conception, and magical concentration, has no equal, perhaps, in the English or German language:

HELLERISMS.

"Don't miss Heller's performance."
"I won't," and she laughed with glee.
Don't Miss Heller's performance appear—"
"Yes, it certainly does," quoth she.
"Don't miss. Heller's performance
Is a thing that all should see."
.....The fiery drabs went wild over Tony Pastor and his great troupe, which put in the past week at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. Wives were comforted, children were soothed, and husbands and fathers were made happy by the laughable entertainments provided by the never *too* tonic Tony.....And here we ask consent of the Senate to offer a resolution declaring the pantomime of "Jack and Jill" to have been quite successful at the Olympic, and that this success was partly due to its good "billing," wherein the manager showed his "Nick"-knacks of advertising. [Having special reference to Nicholas Roberts' excelsiorism in that direction.—ED.] The genial "Jack and Jill" this week gives place to "Humpty Dumpty." There is a sort of similarity between these two works which awakens a tender chord of sympathy that does credit to our generally obdurate and fault-finding nature. History gives us the following truthful information concerning the rise and progress of the first-named firm, viz.:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water:
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Jack's fate is made clearly evident, but as to Jill we are left in doubt; yet the result of the accident must have been disastrous to the firm. The same historian gives us the annexed distressing particulars concerning the end of the person known as "Humpty Dumpty," which, probably, was merely a nom de plume:

"Humpty Dumpty" on the wall—
"Humpty Dumpty" got a fall—
All the doctors in the land
Couldn't make "Humpty Dumpty" stand.

What he was *doing* on the wall the writer does not state. It is our opinion that he was practicing the great "Ceiling-walking Feat," or doing a "Break-neck Act," either of which would be likely to terminate in that manner; or it might have been that he got involved in a hand-grenade explosion, which brought him down. The incapacity of the physicians of that time is made manifest by their inability to make the injured one stand—it might have been a compound fracture of one leg, or of both legs, for that matter; for if one only had been injured the medical adviser should have been able to set him up again on the other. But the so-called medical and surgical skill of the past cannot be compared with that of the present, because, by the aid of scientific knowledge and superior medical jurisprudence, Doctor Nicholas Roberts has successfully restored both patients to their former status, and given us the light and joy of their performances once more. [Our friends will pardon this digression, but we could not have said less in behalf of a skillful man and his great public works.—ED.]

CITY SUMMARY.

AMY FAWSITT'S LAST HOURS.—At the time of the demise of this English actress, so many reports were circulated concerning her mode of life, intimating that she died in a tenement-house in poverty and obscurity, and coldly neglected by her professional friends and associates, that a lady who was cognizant of the late Miss Fawsitt's surroundings during her last illness sends us the following letter, which shows that an entirely different state of affairs existed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Upon the principle that it is "never too late to mend," I would like to approach you in a matter that, perhaps, is long ere this forgotten by the reading public. The mortality among the theatrical profession, notice of which we meet in nearly every paper we take up, brings up in force the recent demise of Miss Amy Fawsitt. At that time her illness and death were announced in a leading journal in such a manner as to create anything but calculated to draw tears of sympathy from even the flintiest specimen of humanity. The exclamation of "How sad" arose from every side, as the romantic narrative proceeded to relate the obscurity of her "tenement" home, her lonely life, and the cold neglect of those with whom she boarded. According to her biographer, her former triumphs in her own country were utterly ignored by an American public, and she consequently faded and died, conscious only of the jealousies of the profession and the cold hand of indifference. I am a friend of the deceased lady, and am intent to one and all who seek fame or maintenance within its range. Jealousies begin with "My lord, a letter," or "The carriage waits," and creep up through treacheries innumerable to the grade of backbiting. Where there is a weaker sex are far more prone to yield to the baneful influence than even the Hamlets of the profession; and, Frankly speaking, the American

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., was opened under the management of Winship & Warren April 2. The company included Jerome and Cameron, song-and-dance; Dick Sands, clog; Paddy and Nellie Hughes, Irish-sketch artists; George Warren, banjoist; Wenona Bridges, serio-comic; and King Sarbro. Departures 7: Jerome and Cameron, to Boston. Billed for 9: Annie Hindle, Allie Drayton, and Holbrook and Ryan.

AT THE COLISEUM, Erie, Pa., the Mendels opened April 2. Archie, White closed 3 to join the Barboe Brothers' Minstrels. Andy and Annie Hughes opened 5. The following continue: Annie Rochfort, Minnie Gray, Kate Morris, Harry Fox, George Dennis, and La Petite Davis.

HARRY BUDWORTH and Harry Woodson have formed a copartnership, and will be known as Woodson and Budworth.

LESTER AND WILLIAMS, acrobatic song-and-dance artists, are in the seventh week of their engagement with Emerson's Minstrels, Chicago, Ill.

AT MEYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., business is reported to be fair. Mons. Florentine and Lillie Ellis opened here April 2, and Harry Weeks took the place of Fred Ritchie, who closed March 31, as business and stage-manager. Kittie Sanford is announced for April 9. Performers are advertised for.

THE ALHAMBRA VARIETIES, Central City, Col., under the management of John Bartholomew, is reported as driving a good business with the following company: Ed. Jones, stage-manager; Annie, Jennie and Nellie Gibbons, Miss Jennie White and Jennie Leslie, Charley Hope, Matt Lewis, and Harry Mosbard. The Gibbons Sisters have been engaged for three months.

JOHNNY ROACH, Irish and general vocalist and comedian, now at the Theatre Comique, this city, can be engaged after May 1 by addressing as per advertisement.

A LADY PARTNER for trapeze business is wanted by R. G. Davenport, who advertises.

MISS. MINNIE WARREN.—Isabelle Boquet Reese, who has been known in the profession as Minnie Dupont, Minnie Boquet, and latterly as Mrs. Minnie Warren, died of rapid consumption in Washington, D. C., March 29, in the 29th year of her age. She was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., and there first went upon the stage in 1864. Shortly afterwards she married John Reese. She was engaged for some years in Fox's American Theatre, and had performed in New Orleans, La., Augusta, Ga., and more recently at the Theatre Comique in Washington. Her funeral took place March 30, and her remains were placed in the receiving-vault prior to their interment in the lot of Strangers and Pilgrims, belonging to St. Dominic's Church, in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

TOMMY WINNETT has become a copartner with Wm. Walker in the management of the Fourth-avenue Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. J. ADAMS, father of Minnie Rainforth, serio-comic, died in Detroit, Mich., March 28, in the 66th year of his age.

M. W. HANLEY has engaged Prof. H. M. Parker and his school of educated dogs for Harrigan & Hart's Traveling Combination.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Ill., is doing the best business of all the theatres in that city, the manager informs us. Variety performers desiring engagements are referred to the proprietors' card in another column.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN are advertised for by G. G. C. to do acrobatic or contortion business. They will be expected to perform with a first-class dramatic company in a new act throughout the country next season, and will be among the most prominent people in the piece.

CHAS. W. GOODYEAR, comedian, general performer and tambourinist, can be addressed care of this office. He publishes several extracts from the press praising his performances.

AT NEW PALACE VARIETIES, Baltimore, Md., lady artists are wanted. See Richard Hyde's card.

THE ARNOLD BROTHERS' COMBINATION is still traveling in Texas. They performed in Jefferson March 24, Texarkana 26, Clarksville 27, Paris 28, Barnum 29, Sherman 30, Denison 31. The company includes the three Arnold Brothers, Frank Stansell, Lee Mosier, Ida Siddons, Hazel Exod, and Mrs. May Arnold.

L. W. WASHBURN'S VAUDEVILLE TROUPE played in Port Jervis, N. Y., April 2, Middletown 3, Warwick 4, Florida 5, Chester 6, Goshen 7, where the season closed. Manager Washburn and A. A. Wilder, agent, will shortly organize a Minstrel Troupe, to Elmira; Frank Clayton, Syracuse; Prof. Rose and John Thompson, to Buffalo. The season was only fair.

VARIETY INTELLIGENCE from Cincinnati to April 7 is sent by our correspondent to this effect: "The National Theatre Comique has, during the past week, given a treatment of unusual excellence. The new appearances I were the Milton Jasper Family, Grace Garland, Erba Robeson, Maggie Gray, the Hennessy Brothers, and Dan Sully. The drama of 'Fearless Nat,' with Julian Kent as Frank Stanton, constituted the wind-up. Business good. Departures 7: Mr. and Mrs. Julian Kent, to Chicago; Milton Jaspers, Toledo; and Low and Pauline Parker, Chicago. Johnny Morrissey did not depart last week as was announced. Opening 8: Scott and Howard, and Ed. Nolan.....The Davenport Brothers, Larry Tooley, Mollie Williams, and Bobby Newcomb were the new people April 1 at Buck's, where the St. Felix Sisters were re-engaged. Departures 7: John Le Clair, Landis Brothers, John E. Ince, and St. Felix Sisters. Opening 8: Siegrist Family and Dick Gorman.....Lulu Francis, Cooper Brothers, Frank Gibbons, Edna Wellington and La Petite Estelle opened at the Gaiety, Pittsburg

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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LELAND OPERA-HOUSE,
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will rent or play on sharing terms during the months of May, June, July and August. Address
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Stock engagements filled for season of '77 and '78. 1-12t*

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TO AMATEURS.—WIGS, BEARDS, moustaches, colored fires, tableau lights, magnesium lights, burnt cork, clown white, Indian red, rouge, blanc, lightning, flash-torches, and every requisite for exhibitions at lowest prices. Send stamp for price-list to JAS. F. CROSBIEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 1-8t*

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FOR RENT.
THIS LARGE AND WELL-APPOINTED THEATRE IS FOR RENT FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON. To an acceptable tenant the rent will be moderate, and preference given for next season. ANDREW BANKS, 52 Lexington street. 1-4t*

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